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SANTANDER, THE SCENE OF THE TERRIBLE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION ON FRIDAY, NOV. 3.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

We have been favoured this month by two deliverances upon human life by well-known writers, one of them ultra-pessimistic, and the other entertaining what in these days may well be called cheerful views. It is the belief of the former that "our grandsons will have no more compunction in saying of a friend or relative 'He killed himself' than we should have in saying 'He died from typhoid.'" The only restraint upon them would, one supposes, be the fear of that incautious admission voiding the policy of their life assurance. This is, literally, very sad. One turns to the other gentleman for a little sunshine, and he appears to be of opinion that even if one does hang oneself there is nothing to make a fuss about: "It is quite possible that in respect to the mysteries of life and death we precisely resemble the good knight Don Quixote when he hung by his wrist from the stable window and imagined that a tremendous abyss yawned beneath his feet. Fate, in the character of Maritornes, cuts the thong with lightsome laughter, and the gentleman falls four inches." At the same time, the author of "Aspects of Life" is careful to say that there is no cause for our cutting short this mortal coil. He tells us that the average number of days of illness in every decade is for each man only sixteen. This fact, for those who are in pain every day of their lives, is not, perhaps, quite so satisfactory as it ought to be, but the rights of minorities are never much considered. As to a future life, the idea of there not being something highly compensatory to come rouses our philosopher almost to anger; he quotes from his favourite Walt Whitman—

If rats and maggots end us, then alarum! for we are betrayed. This outburst of indignant impotence reminds one of the reply of the poet's fellow-countryman when told by his pastor that there was no "let up" to the doctrine of eternal punishment: "Then I tell you this, Sir—our people will not stand it." What is the use of Mr. Whitman's alarum in any case? Indeed, our optimistic philosopher himself, in reply to that "riddle of the painful earth," the ever-recurring question of the existence of pain and misery, feels compelled to confess that "there is no present answer to it." Still, the "Aspects of Life" as here presented to us have many encouraging features, and in these doleful days will be found well worth perusal.

It is curious, considering with what alacrity art has become the handmaid of advertisement, and how the most eminent R.A.s have lent the light of their genius to demonstrate the advantages of Brown's Elixir and Jones's Soap, that the services of literature have not been in request for the same object. The picture that illustrates the wares of the advertiser is often very good, but the letterpress that accompanies it is altogether unworthy of its companionship. The verses especially are generally very melancholy productions, not only in sentiment (which might be looked for in a poem) but in execution, and the lowest depth of despondency is reached when they essay to be comic. This is not only deplorable in itself, but injudicious as regards the purpose in view, for what is the use of pleasing the eye if we offend the ear? Considering, too, the sums that are lavished in other directions, this starving of the literary portion of an advertisement is "spoiling the ship for a pound of tar." Moreover, now that a crusade has been begun against advertisers in picturesque localities, it would be wise, one would think, for them at least to substitute some attractive reading for their present bald manifestoes. Nobody finds fault with the board on Richmond Hill which contains the descriptive lines of the poet. In the United States, it appears from a statement in the *Critic*, this necessity for improvement has been already recognised. In the subjoined example the paper is unable to mention the particular verse that is immortalised without giving it a puff, but "while the theme is not Homeric," it claims, justly, no little merit for the versification—

Health depends on active pores,
This the modern dress ignores.
Doctors are of no avail
If the skin cannot exhale.
Linen over porous skin
Keeps the noxious humours in.
What if flannel be beneath?
Still there is the linen sheath.
Clothes and bed of porous wool,
Warm and dry, in summer cool,
Keep the skin in active play,
Let the moisture pass away.
Give no chill through damp or cold—
Here is —'s system told.
NOTA BENE—Pray be sure
That the wool and dye be pure.

If this is not very brilliant, it is passable, and reminds us of Mr. Gay.

French journalists are justly celebrated for their accurate knowledge of the manners and customs of their English neighbours. One of them, who does not seem to like bicycles, has discovered that they have been found so inconvenient in this country that they have been utterly abolished. "A bicycle," he says, "is now never seen in England." This is not quite correct. He should have confined himself to saying that (on account of their india-rubber tires) they are never heard—which is the cause of a large proportion of the population being knocked down and run over.

There is "no limit," we sometimes hear, to this and that person's hospitality, but in the case of others it is less profuse. I have just received a printed request of the politest kind to attend a certain place of amusement. The honour of my company is requested in the most pressing way, but on the card of invitation there runs, though in smallish print, this little drawback—"This card does not admit to the entertainment in question."

The Brazilians are queer folks: they remind one of that "amalgam of tiger and ape" of which Voltaire describes his countrymen as being composed.

War, so exciting,
They take such delight in,
They do not care whom they fight
So they are fighting.

But, most fortunately, they are generally compelled by circumstances to fight one another. Where the ape comes in is in their aping of civilisation. Admiral de Mello, if recent reports of his conduct are to be trusted, does not err very much in this way, but it seems he has a weakness for albums. The President, aware of this drawing-room taste of his, has, Reuter tells us, sent him a very handsome one filled with dynamite. This is surely, despite what Solomon tells us, a new thing under the sun. Imagine the scene on the quarter-deck in some interval of shelling the city: the arrival of the beautiful work by book-post; the Admiral's smile of satisfaction as he speculates upon the unknown donor, no doubt some Brazilian beauty. Then suddenly suspicion dawns in that (court) martial eye: "Let somebody else open that volume, and not in my immediate vicinity." An incident to be dealt with only by Mr. Gilbert, the subsequent explosion by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Among the few seaside places that are not much advertised in these days are the shores of the Dead Sea; they are not marine "resorts" because nobody ever goes to them. It is now stated, however, that the Sultan—who is the proprietor of the locality in question—and an American speculator have laid their heads together and devised a plan for its exploitation. Its waters possess plenty of salt, bitumen, and sulphur, which will be useful for commercial purposes, and the associations of the neighbourhood, it is hoped, will prove attractive to tourists. Two vessels, one large and heavy for local products, and a lighter one for passenger traffic, have accordingly been conveyed to Jerusalem, and thence to the Dead Sea. A pickle manufactory is also to be erected on its shores. It is thought that every visitor would like to carry away at least one bottle as a souvenir. It is curious, however, that not a word is said about preserving the Dead Sea fruit, which has such a world-wide reputation.

It is not always that the law is found rowing in the same boat—and in the same direction—as common-sense, and it is pleasant to see it doing so. A case was decided the other day with respect to presents which should give general satisfaction. It is now settled that what has been once given to an individual does not in case of his death become the property of the donor. How anybody could suppose the contrary seems amazing, but it is certain that a good many people did so. I knew an instance where a lady who loved not wisely but too well received from her admirer many costly *cadeaux*, among them two magnificent pictures of world-wide fame. The lady died, and her lover was not so overcome by his emotions but that he could go to her house and repossess himself of those pledges of affection before the funeral, at a time and under circumstances, as he justly concluded, when no questions were likely to be asked. Among homely folks it is usual enough for persons about to die to return the presents that have been given them by persons of small means; but that is a very different thing from their being recaptured *vi et armis* after their demise.

It has long been the fashion in some parts of the United States to be married in balloons. One supposes they are captive ones, or otherwise the clergyman must find himself, on an aerial trip with a newly married couple, rather *de trop*. This plan was imitated on the Continent the other day, so far as the hymeneal excursion was concerned (though the clergyman had prudently declined the ascent), with the most disastrous results. And now, one reads, one of the last sensations of the World's Fair was the marriage of a happy pair in the monster merry-go-round. "The minister performed the office while hanging 250 ft. above the heads of the crowd." The cause of these lofty alliances is rather far to seek, but one concludes, since marriages cannot always be "made in heaven," that it is the attempt to get as near it as possible. Nobody marries in coal mines or diving bells, so far as I have noticed.

A German doctor of reputation has published an inquiry into the nature of sleep; and in connection with it he has some interesting remarks on the dependence of mental power on bodily conditions. If deportment is not everything, as Mr. Turveydrop used to think, it is, it seems, of some importance. "A crouching attitude," he tells us, "hinders and trammels the soul." The sort of cyclist who is called a "scorcher" and is always making

records, with a hump on his back, must therefore be on a very low rung of the spiritual ladder. On the other hand, "an upright posture incites and spurs the soul to action"; and not only the soul, for the doctor adds, "for this reason it is good policy to offer an angry man a chair." Hitherto this has not been considered a judicious course. If there is a chair in the room, it has been thought best to stick to it, and even to get behind it. This new advice seems to be a little too theoretical, like that of how to calm a mastiff by gently flicking its forelegs with a hazel switch, or to intimidate a bull by staring at it backwards with one's head between one's legs. This latter device, I am informed on high scientific authority, never fails, but it is, unfortunately, a position that only the young and active can adopt. Where the German doctor is certainly right is in his observation that one of the most potent causes of sleeplessness is ill-humour: "It is not only a Christian maxim, but a wholesome hygienic rule, not to let the sun go down on one's wrath." Nothing is like the consciousness of having been wronged, and the desire to become quits with the offender for keeping one awake. This is why wise people never open letters by the last post. Let honest indignation wait for the morning.

What an admirable place for the chevaliers of industry of all kinds must Tunis be! A lady having had a dream there that whoever drank of the water in her cistern would escape cholera, twenty thousand people passed through her premises (at a penny a head) in a couple of days. O Sancta Simplicitas! what a town that must be for the confidence trick and all the other little swindles that have fallen under suspicion elsewhere! What a place, if not to dream of, to dream in!

In order to soften the heart of an offended lover an Austrian maiden has had herself photographed in a coffin, dressed in grave-clothes. So far from the device being successful it has driven her young man out of his mind; and, indeed, it strikes one that she might have rendered herself more attractive. This is not, however, always the object of a photograph. There is a story of a young gentleman who distorted his features so horribly while his portrait was being taken that he frightened the operator. "You are not a criminal," he remonstrated, "compelled to be photographed by the police, and anxious to avoid identification, are you?" "No," said the other, "but I want to get off my engagement with Mary Anne. I've told her I am still hers if she wishes it, but I've had a railway accident which has rather blemished me." "Very good; when she gets this you will be a free man," said the photographer.

If a boy's life could be written (with discretion) by a boy, it would be very entertaining. As it is, we have to put up with imitations; two or three excellent, but most of them not so much resembling the autobiographer as what he ought to be. This is by no means the fault of the author of "A Chronicle of Small Beer," who, supposing he is describing his own juvenile days, must have been a bad boy, even for a Scotch one. This is how he "brings together," though scarcely in an amicable sense, his grandmother's cat and parrot—

We were alone in the room, Polly and I, when the Old Man entered with an apologetic mew. He was a wicked old tom-cat, who had no latch-key, but did not mind, as he never wanted to get in before the milk came. When his excursions were not amatorial they were martial, and he was scarred from head to tail; yet my grandmother thought him an angel of light and sweetness. The cage was on the tea-table near the cream. I filled a saucer and bade the Old Man drink. There was no black thought in my mind. John Bunyan had but slid from my knee. "Che-che-che!" I said, and stroked Old Man's seamy sides as he dropped his whiskers in the cream and purred. But Satan enticed that unhappy parrot to the bottom of its cage, where it cocked a wicked eye at the Old Man's waving tail. I gently lifted the saucer a little further from the edge of the table, towards which it was being moved in licking. To and fro, to and fro waved the amicable tail. Polly was as quiet as a sleeping baby. I pushed the saucer an inch nearer to the cage. The Old Man hitched back, with a "you're-really-very-kind" sort of purr. His tail just brushed the wires. Polly bit and held on. The cage rocked, the Old Man jumped, and—something gave way. He made a great noise about what Polly kept, but though I was in at the death, my grandmother need not have accused me of taking the brush. Save in the way of kindness, I had not laid my hand upon bird or beast, and, excepting that the "Pilgrim's Progress" on my knee was upside down, there was no scrap of evidence against me. If I live to be a hundred I will never give cat cream again. That parrot came to a bad end. It said—"I see you!" to an Irish maid who was sampling the whisky when the family were at church. She poured a kettleful of boiling water over Polly, and the Old Man was avenged. Had I not been with her at church, I feel sure that my grandmother would have had me hanged on suspicion.

Of course, this naughty boy has little reverence for his relatives. This is how he describes one of them suffering from a bilious attack—

An aunt in bed is very funny. The poets that write about rounded limbs on virgin couches, and the sweet purity of a maiden's chamber, should have seen my aunt's bones sprawling under the bed-cover. A sheet hung on a paling to dry, with the points sticking up under it like the teeth of a large saw, is like the thing, only there are more points to a paling than my aunt had of elbows, knees, and shoulders. He must have been a grand poet who could have addressed a sonnet to my aunt among the pillows. It came discursively into my mind that perhaps it would be better not to be married at all.

Since the publication of "Vice Versa" there has been no book that has described the boy as he is so humorously and at the same time so truly as this little volume.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

If it was safe to predict anything of the House I should say that the weeks which remain to us before Christmas are destined to be extremely mild and dull. The Parish Councils Bill has been read a second time after a debate of the sleep-compelling order. Mr. Fowler opened it with a statement marked by great moderation. It had been said that the Government wanted to seize the charities of the Church and oust her from the management of her own schools. Mr. Fowler, always fluent, simply fell over his vocabulary in his anxious haste to disclaim this sinister design. He had not the slightest desire to lay a finger on any charity that could be shown to be purely ecclesiastical; but parochial doles for general purposes must come under parochial management, especially as there was a strong feeling abroad that they did more harm than good. For the rest Mr. Fowler was amiable and conciliatory, and all went merry as a marriage bell—if the oratory of Mr. Walter Long can be thus described—until Mr. George Russell was impelled to favour the House with epigram. The Opposition, who had been slumbering amicably, woke to the wrathful discovery that Mr. Russell was girding at the village parson and calling the rustics serfs. Mr. Jesse Collings was specially indignant at this breach in the harmony and the dullness of the debate. As an old and tried friend of the parson and the squire he rebuked the levity of the Indian Under-Secretary. He described the wild pledges which had been made by Radical orators, who told the villagers that parish councils would bring about a millennium of champagne and mutton chops. One deluded elector had written to Mr. Collings to ask whether the parish council would cure his pig—not as bacon, but as a patient in need of medical advice. As for the Bill, Mr. Collings warned Mr. Fowler against some of its provisions. For instance, the proposal to group adjoining parishes was open to grave objection, because Mr. Collings remembered the time when he used to return home in a “dilapidated condition” after an argument with a neighbouring village. “Therefore,” said Mr. Collings, getting a little hazy among his notes, “I hope the right honourable gentleman will leave out the word ‘dilapidated.’” He meant the word “adjoining.”

It was not only from Mr. Collings that Mr. George Russell received admonition. Mr. Balfour, who made a very forcible and entertaining speech, suggested that the Under-Secretary's irritation against squires and parsons was due to smouldering recollections of a “family quarrel.” As this excited considerable glee on the Conservative benches I presume that a certain domestic incident, in which Mr. George Russell was inharmoniously associated with the last Duke of Bedford but one, is still recalled with relish. At any rate, many members seemed grateful to Mr. Balfour for the reminder; but perhaps they would have been equally thankful for any other break in a very monotonous discussion. The leader of the Opposition proceeded to criticise the Bill with much acuteness. He could not see why it should meddle with the poor law administration; he complained that the parish councils would levy rates which would not be paid directly by the electors who voted for the expenditure; he drew a picture of a landowner who paid all the rates in his parish being called upon to pay a special rate due to the purchase of his land which he had been compelled by the parish council to sell for allotments. After some pleasant sparring with Mr. Acland, who seemed greatly tickled by the suggestion that the only good the parish councils could do would be to protect the voluntary schools from the devouring ogre at the head of the Education Department, Mr. Balfour ended by the ambiguous admission that the Bill would pass in some shape “some time or other.” This concession was too much for Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, who mournfully proclaimed himself to be the only candid Tory left in the House. To him the Bill was bad, root and branch. It was surpassed in iniquity only by the Ballot Act, the Local Government Act of 1888, and Free Trade. Here the House laughed with unrestrained enjoyment, and for a moment Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen seemed tempted to join in the fun. But the smile was fleeting, and he resumed his lamentations. The whole principle of local government by popularly elected bodies was wrong, and led to nothing but corruption. Very soon every man of sense would withdraw from all participation in public affairs, and leave them to be monopolised by ignorance and dishonesty. The House received this calmly; and was not greatly excited by Mr. Everett's prediction that if the rate-collector went tapping at the compound householder's door the villagers would rise as their ancestors rose against the poll tax. Even the vision of Mr. Everett as another Wat Tyler failed to stir the pulse of democracy.

Ireland, for the moment, is absent from the stage, though there have not been lacking hints that she is merely changing her dress for the next act in the Irish tragedy-comedy. Mr. Redmond has not appeared to launch fulminations at Mr. Morley's head, but there have been delicate inquiries after the Evicted Tenants Bill. Would the Chief Secretary, inquired one of Mr. Redmond's deputies, in soothing accents, be so good as to re-enact section thirteen of the Land Purchase Act? And would he make it compulsory? Mr. Morley asked Mr. Balfour whether the simple proposal to renew the Section as it stands would be regarded by the Opposition as a non-contentious measure. Mr. Balfour declined to commit himself to approval of “any fragmentary part” of Mr. Morley's policy. As the Government are pledged not to take contentious business

outside the Parish Councils Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill before Christmas, it is evident that nothing will be done for the evicted tenants this year. Mr. Labouchere is big with the wrongs of the Matabele, and the refusal of a day for the discussion of the war in South Africa has not chastened his zeal. Moreover, a revival of his interest in Uganda may be expected at any moment. The one man on the Treasury bench who seems serenely unconcerned amid these various portents is Mr. Gladstone. Now Home Rule is temporarily in the background, the Prime Minister surveys the political field with dispassionate benevolence. He is still the best listener in public life, and follows the duller speech with a grave attention which helps many a lame dog over the rhetorical stile.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE SIR ANDREW CLARK, BART., M.D.

“The beloved physician,” as George Eliot called him, Sir Andrew Clark, passed away last Monday afternoon, Nov. 6. He had never rallied from the paralytic stroke which befell him in his consulting-room on Oct. 19. He had just completed his sixty-seventh year, and the fortieth year of his residence in London. He was a native of Aberdeenshire, and was educated at the Universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh, obtaining his medical degree at the former University. He entered the medical department of the Royal Navy,

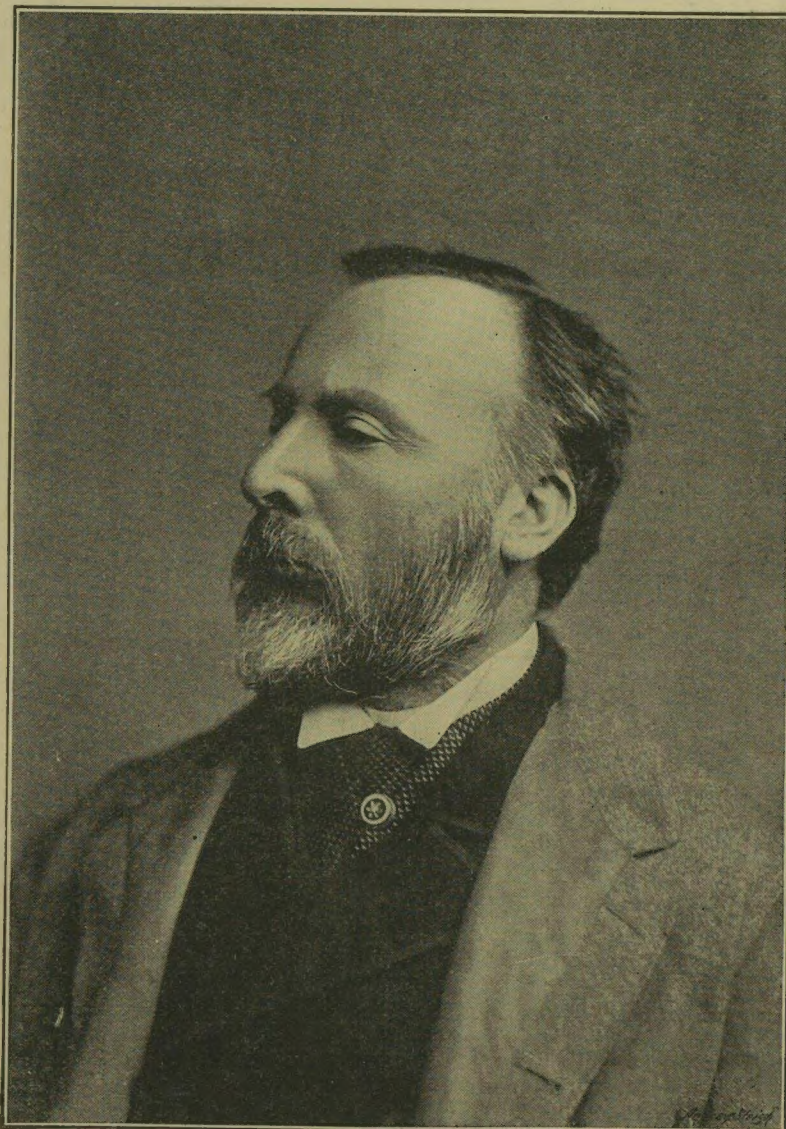


Photo by Messrs. Passano, 411 Bond Street, W.

THE LATE SIR ANDREW CLARK, BART., M.D.

and was pathologist to the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, for four years. He next gained the appointment of curator to the museum at the London Hospital, followed shortly by his becoming assistant physician there. To one of the last patients who consulted him, Sir Andrew related for his encouragement what he called “an old man's story” of how he received this post. There had been considerable animosity aroused against the young Scotchman, and the point which assisted in turning the balance in his favour was his delicate health. “Give him the appointment, for he won't live six months,” was said by one who was asked for his opinion. Sir Andrew was, as he himself said, much worse at the end of six months, but with native pertinacity he stuck to his post, meanwhile taking the utmost care of himself, and gradually he became sturdier, although he was never a strong man. His connection with the London Hospital continued down to the present time, when he was still lecturer on clinical medicine and senior physician. He had a deep interest in the welfare of the students, and was always ready to give private counsel to them or to invite them to his home in Cavendish Square. To the work of the Royal College of Physicians, of which he was elected a Fellow in 1858, Sir Andrew devoted much energy, and he regarded as the coping-stone of his career the honour of becoming President in 1888—an office to which he was annually re-elected. To chronicle the various distinctions conferred on him would be to give a list of the most prized compliments which can be gained in the world of medicine. He was created a baronet in 1883, and, besides being a Fellow of the Royal Society, was honorary LL.D. of Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen.

As one of the most famous physicians of the day, his consulting-room was daily thronged with eminent representatives of every profession. Sir Andrew used to say that the vast proportion of his patients were those

suffering from overwork, and for most of these his advice was “Rest in work, not from work.” A favourite remark of his was “Die to live: in labour you will find life and strength and happiness.” He was a firm believer in hard labour, and was himself an example of it, for he usually was engaged for fourteen hours a day, and his enormous correspondence entailed an immense amount of time. Yet, with all these heavy demands, he would constantly write (always in his own characteristic penmanship) kind letters of encouragement and sympathy to those whom he had attended. His busy career was filled with “that best portion of a good man's life—His little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.” Sir Andrew's close connection with the Premier must needs be mentioned. There was a literary as well as a medical sympathy between Mr. Gladstone and himself, for he was a splendid Greek and Latin scholar. A curious event in his professional work was a consultation, by means of the cable, on the case of a young nobleman who was lying ill at Newfoundland. He preached to numberless brain-workers the Gospel of Hope, and inspired many of his patients with the contagious cheerfulness of his presence. To thousands in all parts of the world the death of Sir Andrew Clark will come as the loss of a sincere friend as well as of a bright ornament of the profession he adorned.

EXPLOSION OF DYNAMITE AT SANTANDER.

The seaport town of Santander, near Bilbao, on the north coast of Spain, was the scene of a terrible disaster on Friday, Nov. 3, causing the loss of between two and three hundred lives, with serious injuries also to several hundred other persons, and great destruction of property, including damage to many houses in the town. A Spanish coasting steamer, called the *Machichago*, with a cargo which consisted of barrels of spirits, petroleum, and above fifty tons of dynamite, was unloading at the mole. Some portion of the inflammable cargo took fire. Efforts were made, under the direction of the town police, acting in the presence of the Governor, to remove the dynamite and the petroleum, while a steam-tug was brought alongside the burning ship, to tow her away from the quay, which was crowded with people. At half-past four in the afternoon, perhaps from the sudden bursting of the steam-boilers, the whole interior of the vessel was shattered, its contents were mingled together, and the dynamite was of course ignited; there was a series of tremendous shocks. The ship and the steam-tug were blown to pieces, scattered over the harbour and the quay, and at least sixty houses, as well as several vessels lying near, and a train at the railway station, were set on fire by the blazing fragments. The Governor of the town and several other official persons of rank were among those killed. When the news reached Madrid, the Minister of Finance, Señor Gamazo, instantly started for Santander. The Queen-Regent sent a message of sympathy, and the Government have taken measures for the relief of the surviving sufferers and bereaved families.

“CONSTANTINOPLE” AT OLYMPIA.

Why not Constantinople, as well as Venice, reproduced by artistic imitation of scenery, architecture, and costumes, in the vast place of popular entertainment adjacent to the West Kensington and the West Brompton railway stations, accessible to all Londoners and to all the Christmas visitors expected in London? Enterprising and ingenious management, with the skill of carpenters, painters, decorators, and upholsterers, with the labour of seven hundred hands under the direction of Mr. Lyons, is rapidly performing this miracle, as will be seen on the opening day in the last week of December. The Bosphorus and the Golden Horn will supersede the Venetian lagoons and canals; St. Sophia, the majestic Byzantine church converted by its Turkish captors into a mosque of Islam, will arise here instead of St. Mark's Cathedral, and the Sultan will reign at Olympia, instead of the Doge. We believe there is no reason to fear, in the present state of European affairs, a Russian conquest of this Constantinople in London.

COLLIERY DISTRESS AT INCE, WIGAN.

At the Lancashire county sessions, at Liverpool, on Nov. 2, three men were convicted of riot and injuring the police at the collieries of Ince, near Wigan. They were told from the Bench that they had no right to use violence because other men chose to work for wages that they would not accept. We have already described the benevolent efforts, liberally aided by some of the large colliery proprietors at Ince, for the relief of women and children suffering great distress from the prolonged strike. One of these local charitable undertakings is conducted by a committee, of which Mr. Seddon, manager of the Wigan Wagon Works, is an active member. It is not unusual to see nearly a thousand hungry children assemble for their substantial daily meal in the brick-shed, at the upper end of which five suitable boilers have been erected and fitted up by Mr. J. R. Knowles for the cooking arrangements. Several mottoes have been painted and hung in prominent positions, namely—“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,” “And He said unto them, Feed My lambs,” and “He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.” Before eating, grace is sung by the children, the same being given out by one of the clergy, and all heartily joining in it. The Revs. T. Taylor, A. D. Schreiber, and Father Barry are there daily, and the volunteer helpers, tradesmen and ladies of the parish, are equally attentive. A notice-board outside the building indicates the bill of fare on various days of the week.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

The famous civic triumphal procession of the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London has been annually exhibited for centuries past, as on Thursday, Nov. 9, of this year, with pomp and pageantry, sometimes varied by introducing curious illustrations of antiquity or significant novel devices, which have always excited popular interest. Upon this occasion the Lord Mayor's Show includes two notable features: a car upon which stands a hand printing-press, of the simple construction used by Caxton four hundred years ago, with the first English printer in the act of presenting a sample of his work to King Edward IV. and to the Queen; and a model of the new Tower Bridge across the Thames, which is now approaching its completion. The other incidents of the procession are more or less the same as usual. On the same day, under the Municipal Corporations Reform Act, the Mayors of provincial cities and boroughs are elected by their Town Councils. Those of York and Dublin have long been styled Lord Mayors, and the same honorary title has been conferred, of late years, upon the chief magistrates of several other large provincial cities. In London it did not come into ordinary use before the reign of King Richard III., though Henry Fitz-Aylwin, the first Mayor, took his office in 1189, and the Mayor became a Judge of assize, for the jail delivery at Newgate, at the beginning of the reign of Edward III.

The new Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year is Alderman George Robert Tyler, whose portrait, with those of Sheriff and Alderman Moore and Sheriff and Alderman Dimsdale, appeared in our last publication. Alderman Tyler was born on Aug. 26, 1835. He received his education at a private school at Croydon, and quite as a lad entered the firm whose senior

he now is, established by Mr. William Venables, who opened warehouses at 17, Queenhithe, the premises that are still in the occupation of the firm. Mr. Alderman Tyler's partner is Mr. T. C. Venables, C.C., who entered the business in the year 1860, and is the eldest grandson of the founder of the firm. Mr. Tyler entered the Common Council in the year 1877, and held office uninterruptedly until 1887, when he was elected Alderman. He is Master of the Stationers' Company.

The new Lord Mayor of York, Alderman Thomas Clayton, has taken a conspicuous part in the municipal government of the ancient metropolis of the North of England. He entered the Corporation seven years ago, as a Councillor for Castlegate Ward, and in 1891 was elected an Alderman. In the previous municipal year Mr. Clayton held the office of Sheriff of the City of York. The public spirit he then displayed, and his observance of the social obligations of the office, promise well for his success in performing the duties of Chief Magistrate. Born at York in 1836, Mr. Clayton commenced his business career at the age of twenty with Messrs. Reckitt and Sons, of Hull, and for upwards of thirty years acted as a representative of that well-known firm. Alderman Clayton is a warm supporter of the Public Library movement, and as a member of the Public Library and Technical Instruction Committee of the York Corporation, has done much in providing the Free Library recently opened in that city by the Duke of York. He is a Liberal in politics and a member of the Society of Friends.

The Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Alderman W. B. Bowring, and the Lord Mayor of Manchester, are esteemed citizens and useful members of the civic corporations. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, Alderman V. B. Dillon, a solicitor by profession, is a well-known member of the municipality of that city.



ALDERMAN V. B. DILLON,
LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

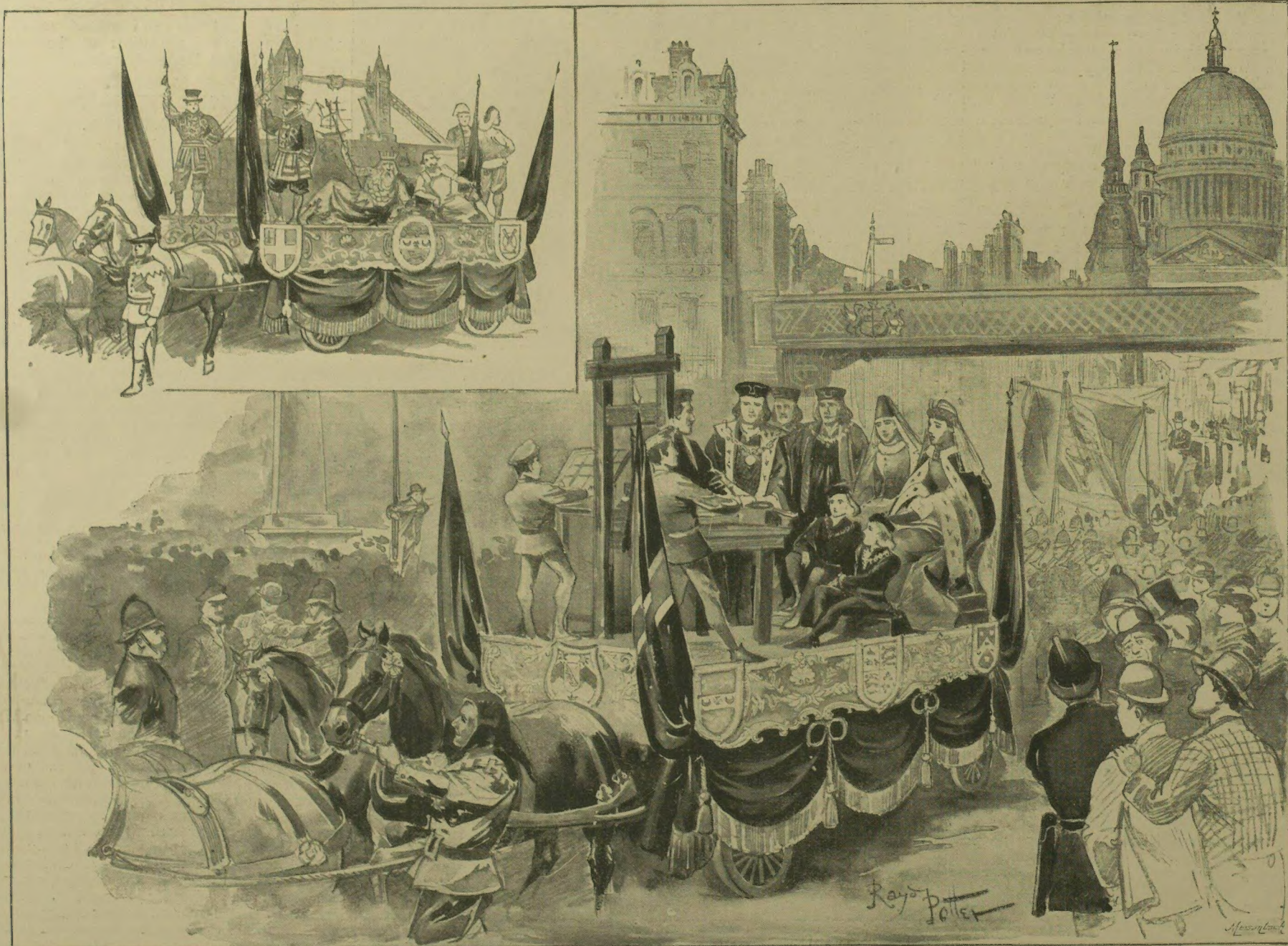
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NEW LORD MAYORS.

THE TOWER BRIDGE.



CAXTON'S PRESS.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW IN LONDON: TWO NOVELTIES IN THE PROCESSION.



1. Some of the Types and Costumes.

2. A Street, and Entrance to Grand Bazaar.

3. The Hall of the Thousand and One Pillars.

4. Across the Golden Horn: A Bit of the Panorama of Constantinople.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral, and the Prince and Princess of Wales are at Sandringham, where they have been joined by Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg, the Duke of Edinburgh.

On the eve of the reopening of Parliament the Duke of Argyll, at Glasgow, delivered an energetic speech against the policy of Mr. Gladstone's Government. The Duke of Devonshire visits Belfast to speak at a meeting of Irish Unionists.

At a meeting of the London Liberal and Radical Union, held on Nov. 6 at the National Liberal Club, and attended by a number of metropolitan members, a resolution was proposed expressing profound dissatisfaction that the Government had not yet undertaken any London reforms, and urging that various measures relating to registration, payment of members, an eight hours day, and financial assistance to London should be passed next year. Sir Charles Russell and others defended the Government, and an amendment was carried throwing the blame on the Opposition party.

Mr. Gladstone has written a letter to Mr. Woods, M.P., expressing regret that the Government cannot accede to his request to proceed with the Miners' Eight Hours Bill in this Session. He gave a further explanation in the House of Commons, on Nov. 6, of the necessity of confining the Government undertakings to the Parish Councils Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill and any business of pressing urgency. On Nov. 7 Mr. Gladstone received a deputation representing Poor Law Authorities, in reference to the Parish Councils Bill, and Mr. H. H. Fowler assured the deputation that the Government had no desire to alter the administration of the Poor Law.

The County Council, on Nov. 7, adopted the report of a committee recommending that, if the House of Lords insists on the rejection of the Betterment Clause, the London Improvements Bill shall not be proceeded with.

Mr. Walter M'Laren, M.P., has sent to all the members of the House of Commons a letter in support of his amendment to the Employers' Liability Bill. He proposes to allow existing mutual insurance societies to continue, if the workmen themselves so desire, even though contracting out of the provisions of the Bill. He gives some account of the benefits these societies confer upon workmen, all of which, he points out, will be jeopardised or destroyed if the measure passes in its present form.

Both Houses of Convocation for the Province of Canterbury reassembled on Nov. 3. In the Upper House a discussion took place on the Parish Councils Bill. Resolutions for the amendment of the Bill were agreed to, and subsequently submitted to the Lower House, which generally concurred in them. The House of Laymen also met and further considered the resolutions with regard to the Bill, which, with some modifications, were approved.

The Postmaster-General, Mr. Arnold Morley, on Saturday, Nov. 4, spoke at a dinner which the Lord Mayor gave at the Mansion House, and at which he and the Chairman of the Board of Customs were the principal guests, a number of gentlemen connected with the Post Office and the Customs Department being invited to meet them. He attributed the successful administration of his department to the services rendered by the past and present permanent staff. He gave a number of interesting statistics and details as to the working of the postal and telegraphic services, which, he said, was often so severely criticised, and declared that the officials who were responsible for that working were always anxious to improve it in every way.

The colliery strike is not yet ended, and there is a further rise of prices on the Coal Exchange. On Nov. 3 and next day the delegates of the Miners' Federation and the Coal-owners' Federation met in conference at the Westminster Palace Hotel, but separated without having arrived at any settlement of the dispute. It appears that the masters suggested a further meeting between representatives of both sides, with three outsiders to act as conciliators, and that, pending any decision, work should be resumed immediately, the 15 per cent. in dispute being in the meantime reserved until it could be distributed in accordance with the terms which the conciliators should lay down. Mr. Pickard, on behalf of the men, proposed that the miners should return to work until April 1 next at a minimum or standard wage 30 per cent. above the rate at the beginning of 1888, and that a board of conciliation should determine what the wage should be after that date. The owners, while refusing to accept this, made further proposals. Mr. Pickard, however, stated that the men must be consulted, and the conference broke up on the understanding that the owners' terms will be submitted to the whole body of miners. On Tuesday, Nov. 7, the Miners' Federation issued a circular from Manchester, advising the branches not to accept the proposals made by the coal-owners at the conference. A meeting of women was held at St. James's Hall, which passed resolutions of sympathy, pledging those present to supply relief to the women and children.

The Central Conference of Women Workers was opened on Nov. 7, at the Albert Hall, Leeds, with two hundred delegates, besides other representatives. Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, wife of the Bishop of Ripon, gave the introductory address; she was supported by Mrs. E. S. Talbot, President of the Conference Committee, the Countess of Lathom, Mrs. Croighton, Miss March, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Dent, and other ladies. An interesting paper by Miss Florence Nightingale was read on health teaching in villages, criticising the action of Local Government Boards, medical officers of health, and sanitary inspectors. Miss Nightingale advocated independent officers of health, and sanitary inspection by County Councils. Her other reforms included a nurse for each rural district, earth closets, garden allotments for refuse, and a good and pure water supply for every village.

Mr. Abraham Steer, a builder and contractor at Westminster, has made, under a receiving order, a statement of affairs, which shows that his liabilities amount to £274,414 (£33,418 being unsecured) and his assets to about £19,000. Among the causes to which he attributes

his insolvency are the panic caused by the failure of the Liberator Building Society and strikes in the building trade.

News has reached England to the effect that by an explosion of gunpowder at Rio de Janeiro, several officers and men of the Royal Navy had been killed and wounded. According to the imperfect accounts received, a party had been landed from her Majesty's ships Beagle, Racer, and Sirius to get sand, and were mistaken for insurgents, having approached close to a powder magazine, which was blown up while they were digging.

A Blue-book has been issued relating to the affairs of Mashonaland, Matabeleland, and British Bechuanaland, and showing the developments which have led to the existing state of affairs.

Major Gould-Adams, in a report to Sir H. Loch concerning the two deputed Matabele envoys, states that they were shot in self-defence, after they had wounded two troopers in an attempt to escape from nominal arrest. Captain Williams has, unfortunately, not been heard of. Mr. Cecil Rhodes has telegraphed to Sir J. Gordon Sprigg that all the news hitherto forwarded has been confirmed, and that the Company's forces have been fighting every day since Oct. 16. The King is said to have abandoned all hope of escaping across the Zambesi. Details have now arrived of the engagement near the Shangani River.

The strike of French miners is over; the delegates' meeting at Lens having decided to confess that the men were beaten, though they would cherish the hope of an early revenge. Work will now be resumed without delay. The failure of the men to obtain their demands shows the weakness of the Socialist Deputies, who got up the strike. M. Carnot was present at the unveiling of a monument to commemorate the battle of Wattignies, which his grandfather helped to win. M. Mizon has landed at Marseilles from West Africa, and makes fresh charges against the Royal Niger Company.

In Germany the Bill for regulating the financial relations between the Empire and the Federal States, which proposes to regulate matters so that there shall always be a balance of forty million marks in favour of the latter on the annual account between them and the Imperial Exchequer, has been laid before the Federal Council. The reports as to the likelihood of a speedy settlement of the commercial question at issue between Germany and Russia are stated to be without foundation, though negotiations continue in a friendly spirit.

In Austria Prince Alfred Windisch-Grätz has been requested by the Emperor to draw up a programme for legislation after communication with the three parties which form the majority in the Reichsrath. The programme is to include the questions of the Bohemian compromise and an extension of the franchise.

King Oscar made a speech at Christiania on Saturday, the 80th anniversary of the union between the two countries, Norway and Sweden, declaring that this union must be retained intact, and expressing a hope that all true men would stand together to protect it at the approaching elections.

The Russian naval squadron lately at Toulon went to Corsica, and is about to visit Greece till Nov. 15, when it will leave for Smyrna and the Dardanelles. Admiral Avellan will thence proceed to Constantinople on board the Sultan's yacht. It is rumoured that two ironclads will be sent from Cronstadt to reinforce the Russian Mediterranean squadron; and that Russia intends to establish permanent naval stations, not only in the western part of the Mediterranean, but also in the Levant; and is sounding Greece for permission to form a station at the island of Paros.

The Spanish naval and military preparations for the war with the Riff tribes on the north coast of Morocco are nowise disapproved by the British Foreign Office. Lord Rosebery has written a despatch to this effect. It is believed that the Sultan of Morocco is now aware of the rising of the Riffs, and may be marching with his army towards their country with the purpose of chastising them. Meanwhile, the attitude of the tribesmen in the neighbourhood of Melilla is becoming bolder. They are supplied with ammunition from Tetuan and Algiers, and harass the Spaniards by day and night, laying siege to the forts and attacking convoys.

The latest reports concerning the disastrous explosion on board a steam-vessel at Santander, described on another page, state that the quantity of dynamite was 1700 cases, or fifty tons, carried surreptitiously. The number of dead bodies already found is 170, and a hundred more, it is believed, lie in the waters of the bay. The wounded in the hospital are more than two hundred; houses destroyed, twenty-five; houses injured, fifty, besides sheds and yards full of merchandise.

It is reported from New York that a steam-ship, the City of Alexandria, has been destroyed at sea near Havana by the explosion of a quantity of spirits in her cargo, and thirty-four persons are believed to have perished.

A band of Arnauts from Macedonia on Nov. 1 entered the town of Prisrend, in Albania, obliged the Turkish garrison to retreat into the citadel, and looted the shops and private houses. They demand complete autonomy for the Pashalik of Prisrend.

There is no fresh news of the civil war in Brazil, except a doubtful story of the sinking of the transport Rio de Janeiro by the insurgent war-ship Republica, with the drowning of 1100 men. The Rio de Janeiro was going from Santos, carrying troops from Rio Grande do Sul to aid Marshal Peixoto.

On the West Coast of Africa, the Ashantees have invaded Attabubu, which territory is under British protection. The Acting Governor on the Gold Coast, Mr. Hodson, has asked Lord Ripon to sanction the sending of a force thither from the Gold Coast, consisting of three hundred Houssas and native police, the advance guard of which started on Oct. 2, and are now approaching Attabubu.

A collision between two American steamers on Lake Erie, in a fog on Nov. 7, caused the loss of twenty-five lives of the crews, both vessels being sunk.

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PERSONAL.

Lady Hallé made her reappearance at the Popular Concerts on Monday, Nov. 6, and received the hearty welcome which was hers by right of pre-eminence no less than of popularity. She still easily holds her own at the head of feminine violinists, although for the past month the position has been modestly threatened by Mlle. Wietrowetz, who bade her London admirers adieu for the present at the preceding afternoon "Pop." With Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Hugo Becker for her coadjutors, Lady Hallé led a splendid performance of Beethoven's "Rasounowski" quartet in E minor; while for her solo the accomplished artist selected the adagio from Dvorák's concerto in A minor, playing the lovely movement (to Mr. Bird's piano-forte accompaniment) with exquisite refinement and beauty of phrasing. After two recalls she returned and gave a piece by Niels Gade for an encore. At this concert Mr. Leonard Borwick repeated his charming interpretation of Chopin's "Funeral March" sonata, besides joining Herr Becker in Beethoven's sonata in D, op. 102, which revealed the clever 'cellist's fine qualities of tone and intellectuality of style in the most favourable light. The vocalist was Miss Damian, and her rendering of Handel's "Lascia ch'io pianga" was warmly applauded.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's Norwich cantata, "The Water Lily," was performed at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts on Nov. 4, when the verdict of the Festival audience was endorsed without a dissentient voice. The only adverse sounds heard in connection with this work have proceeded from one or two metropolitan writers who appear to be unable to appreciate Mr. Cowen's modern method of treating his subject, and somewhat needlessly pick holes in his unconventional handling of necessarily incongruous material. For our own part we repeat that, having regard to the particular nature of Wordsworth's poem, both librettist and composer have done exceedingly well. The Crystal Palace performance was conducted by Mr. Manns, whose chorus and orchestra acquitted themselves more than satisfactorily of a difficult task, and obtained hearty praise on all hands for so doing. The solos were admirably sung by Miss Emma Juch (Ina), Miss Hilda Wilson (Norma), Mr. Ben Davies (Sir Galahad), and Mr. Norman Salmond (Merlin), the last-named artist being the only member of the original Norwich cast.

It is nearly forty years ago that England last went to war, not standing alone but in alliance with France, against a great European military Power. The defence of the Turkish fortress of Kars, in Armenia, by General Sir W. Fenwick Williams in 1855, was a memorable incident of that war, though separate from the main conflict of the British and French armies in the Crimea. During four months, while the city was beleaguered by the Russians under General Mouravieff, the Turkish garrison, commanded by Brigadier-General Williams, with his staff, amongst whom was Captain Christopher Charles Teesdale, of the Royal Artillery, as aide-de-camp, held out with intrepid courage. They sallied forth on Sept. 29, and inflicted a defeat on the enemy in the open field, but on Nov. 14, being greatly reduced in strength and in extreme want of stores, were compelled to negotiate for terms of surrender. Major Teesdale, on his return to England, shared with Sir W. Fenwick Williams the applause of his countrymen. We regret now to record his death at the age of sixty. The Victoria Cross was awarded to him for his gallantry in leading an attack against the Russians when the latter attempted to take a redoubt which was the key to the position; for his intrepid conduct in exposing himself to fire in an endeavour to make a number of Turkish artillerymen return to posts which they had deserted; and for his bravery and humanity in saving a number of wounded Russians at great personal risk from the fury of the Turks. Sir Christopher, who was ten years A.D.C. to the Queen, was knighted in 1887. Since 1890 he has been Master of the Ceremonies, having resigned the office of Equerry to the Prince of Wales.



Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR CHRISTOPHER TEESDALE, V.C.

Mr. Stead has lost no time in giving the public a specimen of his projected journal, the *Daily Paper*. It is a quarto of forty pages, and looks like a smaller edition of the *Review of Reviews*. The contents of the specimen number are very similar to those of the magazine. Mr. Stead has neither space nor inclination for the ordinary newspaper reports, so he introduces a reporting system of his own which is substantially a summary of political speeches, for example, in parallel columns. This is not to be applied apparently to the law courts. How far the *Daily Paper* will appeal to the public, it is difficult to say, for the form is novel and the constituent elements leave a good deal to be desired by the average newspaper reader. But there is some excellent matter in this number, which shows Mr. Stead's conspicuous gift for discovering new and attractive subjects. There is a remarkable suggestion for the compilation of what Mr. Stead calls "An English Bible," which is to be "a marvellous mosaic" of history, and to give "English-speaking men a conception of the unity of their race, of its providential mission, and of the lessons which its history teaches." Mr. Stead proposes to draw parallels between

the story of England and the story of the Jewish nation, as unfolded in the Old Testament. It will surprise no one to learn that Professor Bryce does not discover the spirit of historical criticism in these parallels, and that he thinks the "similarities or analogies" discerned by Mr. Stead might "raise clouds of hostile criticism."

One of the peculiar marks on the music of the latter half of this century has been made by men of Slavonic birth. On Nov. 6, Peter Il'titsch Tschai-kowsky died suddenly from cholera at St. Petersburg.



THE LATE M. TSCHAIKOWSKY.

musical genius led him to enter the newly formed Conservatoire, where he studied under Rubinstein. His success led to his gaining a professorship at Nicholas Rubinstein's Conservatoire at Moscow, where he remained doing useful work for twelve years. Since that date, Tschai-kowsky has come prominently before the public as a composer of operatic music, and had bestowed upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Music by Cambridge University only last June.

M. Jules Lemaitre, the author of "Les Rois," the comedy which Madame Sarah Bernhardt presented to her Parisian public on Monday, Nov. 6, is not only the best-known French critic of the day, but a dramatist whose work has been successfully acted at the Théâtre Français. M. Lemaitre was born forty years ago in the little village of Venecy, near Orléans, but he was educated in Paris, and became one of the show pupils of the Ecole Normale. At three and twenty he considered himself fortunate in obtaining the post of Professor of Rhetoric in the Lycée of Havre, where he remained for five years, after which he was moved to Algiers, where he became lecturer on French literature at the Government College. It was about this time, some thirteen years ago, that he brought out his first book, an unpretentious volume entitled "Les Médailles." Three years later he brought back from North Africa a second volume of poems, "Les Petites Orientales," which was favourably noticed and much read. M. Lemaitre has only lived in Paris nine years. In 1884 he threw up his professorial work, and boldly entered literary journalism, making his first success in the pages of the *Révue Bleue*, where he contributed brilliant studies on Renan, Zola, and all the writers of the day, articles afterwards republished under the title of "Les Contemporains." He then became a member of the *Figaro* staff, and shortly after was offered the important post of dramatic critic to the *Journal des Débats*. During the last half-dozen years he has joined those whom he has so often had occasion to criticise—the novelists and dramatists. Of his plays, the most successful, perhaps, has been "Le Député Leveau," a curious and mordant study of French Parliamentary life. "Les Rois" has been adapted by him from his own novel, a book which, on its appearance, was thought to have been suggested by the tragic death of the Crown Prince of Austria: this, however, M. Lemaitre has been at some pains to deny.

The Post Office has received an accession of the literary spirit in the person of Mr. Spencer Walpole, who has been appointed to the Secretaryship in succession to the late Sir Arthur Blackwood. Mr. Walpole is the grandson of Spencer Perceval, who held the Premiership for a short term, and was assassinated by John Bellingham in the Lobby of the House of Commons in 1812. The new Secretary of the Post Office has had considerable official experience. He was in the War Office for some time, and in 1882 he was made Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man. But he is known to the public less on account of any official capacity than for his historical works. Of these the best known is the "History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1315," and the biographies of Lord John Russell and Mr. Perceval. As an historian, Mr. Walpole's chief quality is a clear and dispassionate judgment. He is not a master of style, but his books are admirable reading.

No patient ever had such elaborate attention from medical men as Dr. Cornélius Herz. For some months

Dr. Herz has been lying ill at Bournemouth. His condition is interesting not only to himself and his family, but also to the French Government, who have demanded his extradition. This matter cannot be sifted till Dr. Herz is well enough to appear at Bow Street. A rigid inquiry—the third or fourth—has just been made into the state of his health by three physicians sent from Paris, and they have reported that Dr. Herz is quite well enough to present himself to a magistrate. On the other hand, it is urged that the Foreign Office cannot permit this until it is assured by specially deputed English doctors that the opinion of the Paris specialists is sound. This opens up a vista of that infinite disagreement for which the medical faculty is renowned. Probably Dr. Herz will prefer Bow Street to a sick-room and perpetual intrusions of doctors.

There is an increasing number of Irish lawyers who are joining the English Bar. Among them is Mr. Dunbar Plunket Barton, M.P. Mr. Barton is a nephew of the Archbishop of Dublin and of Mr. David Plunket. He was an Oxford man and a Queen's Counsel in Ireland. Mr. Barton has made himself conspicuous in the House of Commons by the ability and tenacity with which he has pressed the claims of the Ulster Protestants on public attention. He is a tall young man of solemn aspect, and his voice has something akin to a foghorn at sea, but the lucidity and directness of his speech have won for him a distinct position in Parliamentary debate. Mr. Barton's accession to the English Bar will be made under the fostering care of the Benchers of Gray's Inn.

The oratorio season at the Royal Albert Hall opened on Nov. 2 with a performance of Berlioz's "Faust," the solos being undertaken by Mrs. Hutchinson (in place of Madame Moran Olden, indisposed), Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Robert Grice, and Mr. Henschel. A large audience listened to the now familiar masterpiece of the French composer, and, besides applauding the choruses very warmly, encored the "Hungarian March" and the "Dance of Sylphs." The general rendering was, indeed, of the highest excellence, and reflected proportionate credit upon Sir Joseph Barnby and his forces. This being the first concert given by the Royal Choral Society since the death of Gounod, who was the conductor of the original Albert Hall choir in 1872, his memory was fittingly marked by the performance (between the parts) of his "Marche Religieuse," the vast assemblage standing up throughout.

In M. Pierre Emanuel Tirard, France has lost both a distinguished politician and a good citizen, and one who

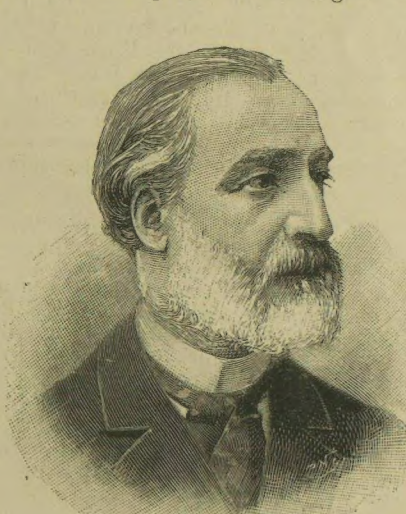


Photo by Pirou, Paris.

THE LATE M. TIRARD.

had served his country well and faithfully. The ex-Minister was born sixty-six years ago at Geneva, his parents having begun life as French peasants in Dauphiné. At the age of eighteen he came to Paris, and became connected with the Ministry of Public Works, but his strong turn for business soon asserted itself, and he threw up his clerkship in order to enter the watchmaking firm of which he finally became master, hence his nickname of "l'horloger." M. Tirard entered political life comparatively late; in fact after, or rather during, the Franco-German War—for he was elected a member of the National Assembly in the February of 1871. His chiefs only discovered his financial ability and integrity some eight years later, when he was made successively Minister of Agriculture, Minister of Commerce, and Minister of Public Finances. In 1882 he was transferred from the Lower to the Upper House, and took his seat in the Senate. But M. Carnot had worked with him both in a private and public capacity, and somewhat to the surprise of everybody his first action as President was to ask M. Tirard to form the new Cabinet. As Président du Conseil, M. Tirard originated several unpretentious but valuable reforms in the public administration, but his name will always remain associated with the suppression and obliteration of "Boulangism." Although he can scarcely be said to have awakened to the sense of danger till the "brav' Général" had already taken a prominent place, when he did realise the state of affairs M. Tirard acted with prompt decision, and, needless to say, drew on himself the virulent hatred of the Reactionary party and press. With the exception of the Elysée, where he was a constant and welcome guest, he was seldom to be met in Parisian salons, and not often in official society.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has confided to an interviewer that she once thought of entering a nunnery. It is well this idea was not carried out, for conventual discipline would scarcely have tamed that irrepressible spirit, and the instinct of dramatic personation would have played sad havoc with the routine of a quiet sisterhood. Madame Bernhardt has begun her career as a manager in Paris with a play by M. Jules Lemaitre, founded on his novel "Les Rois." The actuality of the story is its close resemblance to the tragedy which robbed the Austrian Empire of a direct heir to the throne. The play, like the novel, is a curious *mélange* of socialism and melodrama, and if it has any moral this is it—Crown princes in absolutist monarchies are likely to come to grief by coquetting with democratic aims. Madame Bernhardt is very successful in the part of a vengeful wife who brings home this idea to the princely mind with the aid of a revolver.

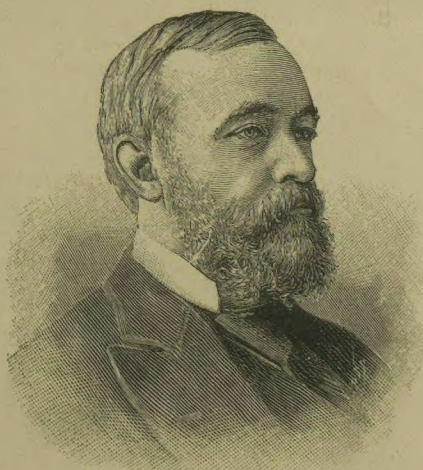


Photo by Abel Lewis, Douglas, Isle of Man.

MR. SPENCER WALPOLE,
New Secretary to the General Post Office.



THE RIGHT HON. H. H. FOWLER, M.P., EXPLAINING THE PARISH COUNCILS BILL IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, NOV. 2.



YOUNG SAM AND SABINA

BY WALTER RAYMOND

CHAPTER I.

MIDDLENEY MOOR.

SOMEWHERE upon the moors of Somersetshire, but at what exact spot must not be too accurately declared, is the isle of Middenley.

In summer-time the eye can scarcely distinguish this slightly rising ground from the broad level of the moor; but in winter, when water covers the greater part of the country, Middenley, with its half a score of houses and little church, never surrenders to the besieging flood. Thus it justifies its title and keeps its powder dry.

Now, Middenley was the pleasantest, most unsophisticated village that ever smelt of gilliflowers or heard the sound of three church bells. Its folk were old-fashioned, neighbourly, and nice. Even with the disadvantage of a non-resident parson (for the living was a perpetual curacy annexed to a vicarage which needs not identification), it lived in a condition of perfect concord and unanimity. Everybody was baptised; all were married (with here and there an exception) who wished to be; and any duly qualified parishioner was buried without delay. Therefore, Middenley was a positive Arcadia, although sometimes a little damp.

Now, the perfect unanimity of Middenley consisted of seven adult opinions.

There was old Sam Grinter of the Church Farm for one, who, although gouty, was a wonderful judge of a bullock; and Mrs. Samuel Grinter for two—at least; and young Sam, their only remaining son.

And Sophia Sharman, widow.

Then there was Christopher Chiselett who lived in the little low-set homestead in the home-field across the road; a very quaint little widow-man indeed, and the merriest mischief-maker in the whole parish. And Sabina, his daughter. Ah, Sabina! with eyes the colour of a hazel wand, and brown hair parted in ripples beneath a sun-bonnet, at times as white as driven snow—you were just nineteen.

These were all of the élite: for nobody else in Middenley held sufficient land to support an opinion.

It was the fifth of January, the morning of Old Christmas Eve. There was little water on the moor, which was as green as grass and rushes. Only here and there a narrow strip or shallow sheet, shining beneath the sky like a mirror, sometimes white as silver and sometimes dull as lead.

Now was the time for snipe, which cannot feed upon a flood, but love the ditches leading into the rhines, and the wet places where the water just sops through the turf. Also there was talk in Middenley of wild duck in the withy-beds.

In the early morning a two-wheeled pony-cart was driven briskly into the barton of the Church Farm, and a young man leapt out with all the brisk alacrity of a keen sportsman at the beginning of the day. Before the Grinters could run out to welcome him, he had put his powder-flask in his pocket, hung his shot-belt across his shoulder, and taken from the cart his double-barrelled gun.

"Good mornen', Mr. Ashford. Good mornen', Zir. Come in. Come in," shouted stout old Sam Grinter from the porch.

"Now, do 'ee please to walk in," piped in chorus Mrs. Grinter's shrill voice.

"Yes. Walk in," cried young Sam. "While I just take out the pony."

The visitor was slight in frame and somewhat below the middle height. Evidently town-bred, he appeared superior to

the Grinters in social position, and the warmth of the invitation proved him no unwelcome guest. A look of eagerness and impatience flashed across his nervous handsome face, but to refuse the hospitality of old Sam Grinter was to make a deadly enemy for life. There was nothing that admirable man resented so much, except being crossed in argument, or, as he expressed it, "to be treated like a wool."

"But we won't waste time, Sam," urged Ashford quickly. "Come in! Come in!" repeated the impatient old man, stumping into the farm kitchen in his slippers. "Zit down! Now, what'll you take? You'll vind the wind nippy 'pon the moor. Have a little drap o' gin to warm the heart o' 'ee, an' make your eye straight. Zit down! Zit down!"

The walls, the window, the tall kitchen clock, and the "clavel-tack," as they used to call the mantelshelf above the old-fashioned open fireplace, were decorated with glistening holly covered with red berries, and a "mestletoe," cut from the orchard hard by, hung from the middle of the oak beam across the ceiling.

"Zit down!" reiterated the farmer, pointing to the straight-backed settle on the opposite side of the fireplace.

Ashford obeyed; but his attention was obviously directed to the great ashen faggot, bound around with numerous hazel bonds, lying on one side in readiness for the ceremonies of the evening.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the old man. "You zee, we've a-got a famous fakket to year." Then suddenly becoming fiercely serious: "Now, what'll you take?"

"Cider for me, Mr. Grinter," gaily responded the guest.

"Zo do 'ee then. Missus, bring on the cup."

Farmer Grinter drew closer to the fire and laughed again. For him life consisted largely of laughter, cider, and a variation of gout, and he hobbled to the corner cupboard for the gin. "Just a drap do zoften the cider, I sim," he explained in a confidential whisper, with a wink. Then he sat down with a hand upon each knee, and human eye never saw elsewhere so fine a series of double chins.

"'Ees. We've a-got a

famous fakket to year. 'An' you shall zee how he do burn, please God. You'll come back an' bide to wassail, won't 'ee? 'Tis a moonlight night, an'—Your good health!"

"Thank you, Mr. Grinter. I'm afraid I mustn't stay to-night, thank you. I have to—"

"I tell 'ee you'll bide. Don't you never come a-snipe-shooten' no more to Zammle Grinter's o' Church Varm to Middenley, if you don't bide. I tell 'ee, you've a-got to bide. Don't you never show your nose here no more, if you don't bide. So sure 's the light, I'll order 'ee off. I'll—"

The climax of the farmer's growing excitement must remain unrecorded. His threat was suddenly cut short by the hasty



"Look there, Mr. Ashford!"

unexpected entrance of Sabina, with lips as red as holly-berries, glowing with youth and parted with anticipation in their eagerness to inquire the exact moment in the evening at which the guests were invited. She wore no hat, and her print frock was open at the throat; yet in spite of winter her cheeks were warm as spring, and rosy with running across the road.

Seeing a stranger Sabina subsided and blushed.

Farmer Grinter's crispness of temper vanished at once.

"Come so soon as you be a-minded, my dear, an' bide so long as you like," he cried heartily.

"Here, maid: moisten your lips for Chirsmas," he added, holding out the cup.

"No, thank 'ee, Mr. Grinter. Not in the mornen', thank 'ee."

"I tell 'ee to wet one eye. Don't you show your Zunday vrock to Zammle Grinter's to Church Varm to-night, if you be so proud as all that. Take the cup, I tell 'ee, an' zap, an' han' 'un to the gen'leman."

The girl obeyed, as she needs must. As she raised the cup to her lips, her bright eyes glancing over the brim encountered

shining upon the sheets of thin "cat's-ice" formed around the rushes in the ditches and rhines. On such a morning, when the air is bright and fresh and keen, the man of twenty knows how glad and warm is the heart of youth.

"It was a long time ago I saw you, Sam—until last week," cried Ashford.

"Year," agreed young Sam. "Not since I used to go into the Grammar School."

Then they laughed aloud—perhaps at nothing; perhaps in recollection of those absurd old days, and the Latinity which Sam did not then acquire.

"Do you remember how we pulled down the wall to get out the cutty's nest?"

"Ah! An' how you couldn't get your han' out of the wood-pecker's hole?"

"Yes. And when we cut down the hollow apple-tree with the young starlings inside? Ha! ha! What a row there was!"

"Hush! We must go along quiet now," whispered young Sam, suddenly becoming serious.

They turned off from the road and walked along the wide

dangers, and he already felt the icy water chilling his blood and making his very bones ache. He shook his head.

"Couldn't I go round?" he asked.

"You can jump it," repeated young Sam. "Tidden but twelve feet, and I'll be bound if you had heart you could jump twenty. Well, then, look here, go round the ditches and take the line of gates to the tow-path. Where there's a gate there's a bridge, an' when you come to the river walk down till you meet me. But tidden so good, mind. Tidden so good."

So they parted. And this is perhaps the point where the man of action always parts from the man of dreams.

It was dusk when they gave up shooting, with several miles to walk home across the moor. Sam's pockets were filled with snipe, and he had also killed two teal; but Ashford had done little or nothing. The solitude of the moor on that grey winter day, with no variety and no incident, was favourable to his habit of fanciful reverie. The heartiness of the farmhouse had impressed him. Visions of Sabina, bright, rich and glowing, constantly flitted before his brain. A



Ashford hesitated. "Couldn't I go round?" he asked. "You can jump it," repeated Young Sam. "Tidden but twelve feet."

Ashford, and seemed to overflow with suppressed merriment. Just as suddenly the mirth vanished; and she blushed again as she handed the cup to the stranger. Then she departed with the promptitude which had characterised her appearance.

Old Sam Grinter leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"Ay! Nice, quick-steppen' maid! Tidden she? Terrible afeard to see a foreigner. Werden she? You should zee her a-Zunday wi' her heal in curdles! But, to be sure, you'll bide to-night and let off your gun under the girt apple-tree. That'll make you, an' our Zam, and Kester Chiselett wi' guns. Dush my wig an' buttons! if cider didn' ought to be plenty to year, no fear."

Further consideration of the proffered hospitality was happily prevented by the entrance of young Sam, gun in hand. Ashford rose at once, eager for sport and the open air. The farmer followed them to the open porch, shouting after them his time-honoured jokes and offering to send the little wagon down to Ham-mead to haul back the game. After they had turned the corner and were upon the long straight road between the rhines and leaning willow-trees they could still hear his lusty voice.

There had been a frost. Rime covered the moor like a tablecloth, and sparkling crystals adhered to every twig and mote lying on the high-road. The sun was peering through a white mist, glistening upon every leaf and blade of grass, and

ditch of stagnant water known as the "Black Rhine," deep and dark, a main artery of the moor in those parts.

"I say!" broke in Ashford, in that tone of respect in which a man touches on serious matters. "What a fine girl that was who came into your house just now!"

"Sabina Chiselett?"

"Unimpressonable youth! Simply to mention her name in that commonplace manner. Why, she is superb. A sort of Ceres in her maidenhood, or Proserpine before she heard of hell."

But young Sam had no ears for such nonsense. He was thinking of snipe, rhines, and withy-beds. Suddenly he stopped, and pointed at the strip of black still water.

"Could you jump that?"

The mere thought of it made Ashford shiver. "I shouldn't like to try," he said.

"You could do it right enough," urged Sam. "Tidden so much as do look. Look here. Take my gun and I'll go over first."

First going back a few paces, he ran and jumped with the lightness and ease of an antelope. But young Sam was at home, and had breathed the spirit of the moor from his cradle.

"Now chuck over the guns muzzle up for me to catch, an' then come over!" he cried.

Ashford still hesitated. His imagination pictured all the

pageant of absurdities, a procession of fantastic follies occupied his imagination, passing before it in quick succession. He was talking to Sabina—he had kissed Sabina. He loved her—married her in spite of the indignant protests of his friends, and enjoyed ever afterwards a primitive but perfect happiness. Then a snipe rose before him, with its sharp "scape, scape," but the bird had darted and twisted out of shot before he could recall his erring senses. And yet he recognised the unreality of these thoughts; for Ashford was as sane as any other man of twenty—as sane, for instance, as young Sam.

Dark night came quickly on. Stars shone brightly out of the deep sky, and were reflected upon the black, stagnant water, fading sometimes in the ripples when a moor-hen moved, then again dancing on before to the rising and falling of the traveller's steps, as they journeyed homewards across the moor.

Now, from every side on the still air came the soft sound of village bells, unintercepted and clearly audible for miles in that flat country. Everywhere was ringing and merriment; everywhere an ashen faggot and double-handled cider-cup in readiness. And the little ding-dang-dong of Middenley added its song to the universal charm.

"We must step it out, or the folk'll be there," said young Sam, striding along at a great pace.

CHAPTER II.

OLD CHRISTMAS EVE.

From the frosty air to the bright firelight of the Church Farm kitchen was so delightful a change that Ashford needed no further invitation to remain.

The parish had already arrived.

There was little Christopher Chiselett in his blue coat with brass buttons, breeches, worsted hose, and silver-buckled shoes. The light illuminated his merry face, round and red like a cherry, and glistened like a halo round his shining head, which in the vernacular of Somersetshire was "so bald as ever a bladder o' lard."

Sabina, with her hair in curls and tied up with a red ribbon, looked as fresh as a daisy and as sweet as a field o' beans in flower. And Sophia Sharman was sitting in the corner smiling at Christmas beneath her weeds. Also, by good hap, cousin John Priddle had driven over from Curry about those pigs. A patient, ox-eyed man, "wi' a head like a house-avire," he afterwards solemnly averred that to say one word about going was "so much as ever his life were wo'th."

There they all were. Happy souls! of the days before hospitality went away by rail.

"Come on! Zit down! Now then, Missus, where's thik bit o' supper?" cried the farmer, in a voice boisterous enough to raise the roof.

A certain angularity of elbows and knees, which marks the earliest period of a rural festivity, vanishes under the genial influence of good cheer. A roast turkey invites contemplation and affords food for thought. A ham, well cured, is an inspiration, particularly if there still linger in the mind a recollection of the pig to which it once belonged; and cousin John Priddle had known that pig from its earliest infancy. It puts a man at his ease to sit down with an old acquaintance. Every tongue was loosened and every heart was gay by the time supper was finished and they drew around for the great carousal.

"Come on! All draw up! Now then, Missus, make haste wi' the cup."

"'Tis a wonderful girt fakket, sure enough," chirped Christopher.

"Ay, Ay! Wi' a extra bind to please Widow Sharman."

"He'll make the women-volk hop more 'an once, I'll warrant 'un!" cried cousin John Priddle, rubbing his hands.

"Zo he will. Now then, Missus, dap down the cup 'pon the settle close-handly like. Put back the chimbley-crooks. Move out, Sabina. Now then, soce, let's heave 'un on!"

So the great ashen faggot was lifted upon the hearth, and the eager flames leapt up around it, licking with their red tongues the hazel binds.

Now the glory of the ashen faggot was this. When a bind burst, sometimes with a mighty crack, casting bright sparks and splinters out into the room; and the women shrieked and pushed back their chairs, and the men threw back their heads and laughed—then, and not until then, the cup was handed round, and everybody drank his best without loss of time, so that it might be drained and filled up again before the next explosion.

"I never didn' zee a better fakket, not in all my life," exulted Christopher.

"I think the vire have a-got hold o' un now," shouted the farmer, taking up the cup, and resting it upon his knee in readiness.

"Look out! Look out!" cried cousin John Priddle, and widow Sharman nervously raised her apron to cover her face.

It was a false alarm. The faggot went on burning without any sense of responsibility, just as if the discomfort of thirst and the blessing of cider had ceased to exist.

"Put the cup down afore the vire, Zam. Else he'll get cold," nervously suggested Mrs. Grinter.

"I never didn' zee a fakket hold together so long in all my life," suggested cousin John Priddle, in considerable anxiety.

"I sim myself, 'tes a fanny thing," agreed Christopher, stroking his bald head to promote thought.

"'Tis," said the widow.

"Zo 'tes," chimed in Mrs. Grinter, with an unusually anxious expression on her little, sharp face. "An' eet o' cou'se, it can't be another. Pick up the cup, Zam. He'll get so hot else we sha'n't be able to hold 'un to our lips."

"I'll be dalled if I sha'n't want bastin' soon. I be so dry as chips," moaned Christopher.

"Here. Push out maester's little voot-stool, Sabina. Dap down the cup 'pon he. Little bit closer. No, not too close. Zo."

Farmer Grinter drew the back of his hand across his forehead. "Do make I puff an' blow," he said, and sighed at the delay.

"I'll be daazed," whispered cousin John Priddle, "if I don't think they binds be witched."

A fearful solemnity fell upon that party, as if everyone were afraid to speak; and, although the flames were now rushing high up the chimney-back, all stared into the glowing mass and quite forgot their thirst. One by one the binds melted away like wax. As Christopher afterwards protested with suspicious emphasis, they were all "to a miz-maze like," and he broke out all over into a most terrible sweat.

The startled voice of Sabina first broke the silence.

"Massy 'pon us! Why, there be chains in the vire."

"What?" yelled old Sam Grinter, leaping to his feet, making not only the women hop, but Christopher and cousin John Priddle as well. "Then, so sure 's the light, somebody have a-got at my fakket. Dash my wig and burn my feathers! if they didn' chain thik there poor fakket up under they halsen withies so as he couldn' bust. An' we all a-zot round like jackass-vools. That's gwaine beyon' a joke. I don't zee no joke in that."

"I do call it ignorance," said cousin John Priddle.

"'Tis," "Zo 'tes," "An' that 'tes," chorussed the ladies. Just a glimmer of mischief, or was it only a fancy of the

fire-light, flickered upon Christopher's little round face, and then he said quite quickly, extending his hand for the cup—

"But if they thought to keep Sophia from drinking, they'll be main-well a-sucked in."

That was the way they always joked Sophia, but she only took the cup, and smiled, and sipped.

The moon was well up and joviality completely restored by the time they were ready to wassail the apple-trees.

"Come on, then! Come on! Have 'ee got your guns?" cried the farmer, as, still cup in hand, he led the way across the mow-barton, weird with mysterious shadows from the stacks, and into the little dark orchard behind the home-stand. The women-folk had thrown shawls over their heads, and on they all went, laughing, stumbling over the leaning trunks in the uncertain light, and sometimes running into the boughs, on their way to the old Jack Horner tree in the corner.

The ceremony was simple, but impressive. The farmer had brought the sodden toasts from the evening's carousals, and now placed them in the "vork" of the tree. Then the company repeated the ancient formula—

Apple-tree, apple-tree
I do wassail thee
To blow an' to bear
Cap-vulls an' hat-vulls an' dree-bushel-bag-vulls
An' my pockets vull, too.

Then they cheered and fired their guns, with such infinite success that even Christopher's old flintlock went off—after a brief interval. And thus, please God, was an admirable apple-crop insured, and the proceedings came to an end.

Yet not quite to an end. There is a peculiar witchery about the moonlight glancing between apple-trees. It seems to dance and sparkle upon the branches, and yet in the shadow the ground is black as night. It has a confusing effect upon the brain. A feeling of fantastic unreality as of a ubiquitous will-o'-the-wisp creeps over the imagination, and even Solomon in all his glory might easily lose his way.

They all lost their ways.

The unanimity of Middeney suffered a slight shock on the question of the situation of Church Farm, for Mrs. Grinter saw the orchard gate distinctly and with considerable asperity, in two opposite directions.

Sabina knew she was right, and said so with a self-reliance which carried conviction—at least as far as Ashford was concerned.

So they found themselves apart.

"Look there, Mr. Ashford!"

"What is it? Where?"

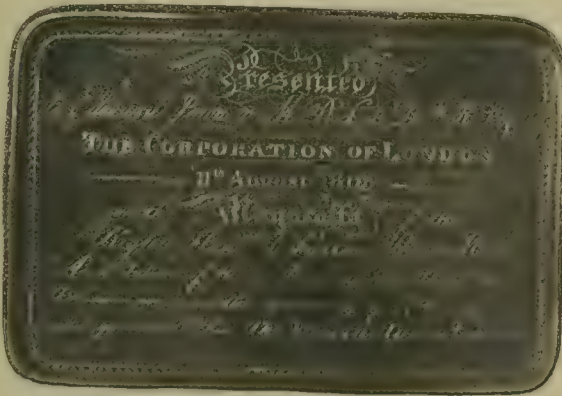
The girl's arm was raised, pointing to a branch overhanging their heads upon which grew a thick mass glistening in the moonlight.

He stood staring with all his might; but, before he could recognise the mistletoe, with a burst of laughter she had flitted away among the trees.

(To be continued.)

A RELIC OF DR. JENNER.

The illustrious scientific physician whose discovery of the use of vaccination as a preventive of small-pox has saved more lives than the wars of Napoleon destroyed, is not to be forgotten. One relic was sold at auction a few days



ago in London, by Messrs. Debenham, Storr, and Sons, for a hundred guineas; this is a beautiful gold snuff-box, presented to Dr. Jenner in 1803, by the Corporation of the City of London. On the lid is an allegorical picture in



enamel; on three sides are enamelled armorial bearings, those of the City included; and on the fourth side is a cow in a pasture field. On the bottom is an inscription stating that the snuff-box was presented during the Lord Mayoralty of Alderman Charles Price, M.P., as a token of civic regard for the inventor of vaccine inoculation.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A lady-correspondent, who favours me occasionally with gratuitous advice regarding what ought and what ought not to appear in this column, but who prevents me from acknowledging her valuable contributions because she conceals the source of her benefactions under the guise of anonymity, has favoured me with a little note of very characteristic kind. When I deliver my Gilchrist lecture in the East-End of London, she begs that I will inform my audience that, in the language of a certain ecclesiastic (who refused to pray to avert the cholera so long as his people remained dirty in habits and surroundings), "many diseases are caused by dirt," while she is also of opinion that people should not be "frightened" by being told about bacilli or disease-germs. If this lady had taken the trouble to inquire regarding the subject of my lecture, she would find that I do not intend to teach my audience about cholera or bacilli at all. My subject is one connected with the work of the brain and nervous system. But as she has thought fit more than once to lecture me about the folly of believing in bacilli, may I point out to her, that dirt is only a condition and not a cause of disease. Filthy water and surroundings merely form a soil in which bacilli flourish and grow. You cannot get cholera or typhoid fever from dirt alone, else, indeed, certain localities would never be free from attack. It is the "poor little bacilli," as my correspondent affectionately terms the microbes, which are the direct causes of disease. When we exercise the great value of cleanliness, we escape disease simply by preventing the development of disease-germs. I despair of getting my correspondent to see the difference between direct and indirect causes of disease; but it may be well for her (and certain other correspondents) to understand that while I am glad to receive reasonable criticisms and suggestions, I will not bind myself to notice lucubrations which often reflect only the ignorance of those from whom they proceed.

More correspondence has come to hand regarding the pre-natal influence of the parent on the young, but no new points for remark can be elicited for this further instalment. One correspondent, however, writing from Smyrna, tells me that, as allied to the belief in the pre-natal influence, she can relate a case in which maternal characters of a clearly acquired type were transmitted to the offspring. The case in question is as follows: Her sister when a young girl was confined to bed for two years with a spinal complaint. Part of the cure consisted in the application of the actual cautery, which, of course, left certain indelible scars on the patient's body. The patient afterwards married, and her second child was born with all the marks of the mother's scars appearing in vivid red on precisely the same region of the back in which the cautery was applied in her mother's case. The child is now a girl of twenty, but the marks remain persistent, but of a paler shade than that they originally exhibited. An instance of this kind is worth much theorising. I apprehend the sceptics in the matter of the transmission of acquired characters will be forced, sooner or later, to modify their opinions in the face of the accumulation of cases of exact and verified nature testifying against their views.

What is this one reads about the establishment of a salvage corps of those wise and delightful dogs, the Newfoundlanders, on the Seine at Paris? It seems that the Service de Sauvetage is in need of increased power, and the dogs are to be enlisted in the work of life-saving. They are to be "ready—aye, ready" to plunge into the water and rescue drowning persons, and are to be housed on the river in barracks of their own. This will be an interesting experiment, and I am sure many English visitors to Paris will not miss paying a visit to the dogs, if the proposal to institute this canine salvage corps becomes an accomplished fact. It seems, from an account I have perused, that in 1815 such a salvage corps was instituted by Louis XVIII. The experiment was not a success, because the dogs were not properly managed apparently, and 150 of them cost for keep about £720 per annum—surely not, perhaps, an exorbitant sum when all was said and done. These dogs of 1815 were not bred, and so I suppose the system fell into desuetude. It will prove more than interesting if the Paris experiment succeed; and perchance on the Thames, in time, we may have the riverside police-stations and landing-stages each provided with its canine policemen, ever alert in the gracious work of saving human life.

The skulls of ancient peoples are frequently found to exhibit traces of the operation of trephining, which, as most of my readers know, consists in drilling a circular portion of bone out of the head. This operation is often performed in modern surgery for the cure of brain ailments; but the curious question arises, why, in ancient life, such a procedure was practised at all. Dr. Munro and other antiquaries have investigated this subject from the archaeological point of view, and with certain interesting results in the way of explanation. It appears probable that the operation was undertaken primarily for the relief of pain in the head. There may have been present to the primitive operators the idea of allowing the evil spirits, which were believed to torment the patient, to escape through the opening made in the skull. Be that as it may, it seems certain that the circular portion of bone removed in the course of the operation was treasured as a kind of amulet. The fact that trephining appears to have been employed in epilepsy may bear out the idea of allowing the troublous and evil spirit to escape; for epilepsy of old was undoubtedly regarded as a possession of the devil. It is interesting to note that the Esquimaux trephine the skull by drilling in a skilful fashion, while the recent Peruvians, as Mr. Victor Horsley has lately remarked, also perform the operation habitually. Brain-surgery to-day is in a very advanced state, it is true, but it is startling somewhat to find that primitive man was not by any means afraid to meddle in a very decided fashion indeed with the skull and its contained treasure.

M. JULES LEMAITRE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Decidedly "they order these things better in France," and among these things we must include criticism. Once a year M. Jules Lemaitre publishes a volume of his "Impressions de Théâtre," and once a year I "wonder with a foolish face of praise." M. Lemaitre's nominal subjects, at least, are only the new plays which he has attended in the service of the *Journal des Débats*. Scarce any topics can be, intrinsically, less interesting to this English reader, for one is not destined to see the plays, and one would almost as lief go to a meeting of the British Association as to a theatre. Yet with these dramatic pegs to hang his reflections on, with these poor *points de repère*, M. Lemaitre enchants one with his wit, his philosophy, his courtesy, his dexterity. A collection of an English critic's reviews of first nights would not be exhilarating. The English critic cannot wander into things at large, into literature at large. He usually writes, one supposes on the night of the play, a hasty critique for next day's newspaper. M. Lemaitre writes at leisure, and with reflection. It is literature that he supplies, not news. The drama, of course, is much more a matter of general concern in France than in England. Our history shows us nothing like Napoleon regulating from Moscow the affairs of the Comédie Française. Yet the dramas, the fleeting contemporary pieces, are the least of M. Lemaitre's material; they only supply starting points for his entertaining studies. Novels are taken more seriously than plays in England, but we have nothing concerned with any art at all comparable to the French critic's "Impressions de Théâtre."

The courtesy of his remarks, his urbanity, particularly deserve our imitation. He does not use the bludgeon, or even the sword-edge, but the point, and the point plays, quivers, and glitters like that of D'Artagnan, whose blade shone and leaped, a living thing of steel. Having little to say about "Le Cercle Pigalle," M. Lemaitre frankly reveals the secret of his method, and tells us how to "spare an author's feelings without betraying the cause of truth." "Instead of saying 'It is commonplace,' one says, 'I could wish something a little rarer'; instead of saying, 'It is flat,' one puts it, 'We could relish more relief.' To express the utter absence of worth, we remark that the piece is 'conscientious.'" M. Lemaitre has regular categories of epithets. What he does not care for he styles "agreeable, pleasing, pretty, young, generous, ingenious." Then comes in the higher rank, "*spirituel*," elegant, fine, distinguished." In these terms M. Lemaitre admits that he is copious. In others he is more thrifty; such are "penetrating, original, true, human, deep, bold, strong, powerful." Occasionally, if there comes an author whom he wishes to please, he gratifies his friend with a kind of honorary second in place of a third. Or he gives a friendly account of the piece, with scarcely any commentary at all. Or he treats of the author's subject, his idea, and leaves the author's treatment of it alone. In two cases he deliberately overpraises—first, when a great master fails; next, when the play is by a writer to whom he is "seriously and tenderly attached." This is frank. The ordinary way of being clever is to pounce on a great master's failure and make the worst of it. Such gratitude did Wilson display in the case of Scott's "Letters on Demonology," the hackwork of a genius broken by paralysis, labour, and sorrow. The Frenchman sets a better example than the Scot. As to the work of "those to whom we are seriously and tenderly attached," there are not many such persons. When they fail, it seems wiser for critics who are their personal friends to leave their performances in silence. But the regular critic of the *Débats* cannot take this course, and his

own (as he gives fair warning, and as the position hardly ever occurs) is the right one. Some virtuous pressmen prefer the attitude of the sacrificial Roman father, but it is not given to every one to be a Brutus.

M. Lemaitre is indulgent, then, to the fleeting diversions of the day. He is less indulgent to Aristophanes. That great comedian is furiously and hatefully anti-democratic. M. Lemaitre seems to think that Aristophanes is in earnest when he says that each subject city should be taxed to support twenty of the Athenian mob. I take it that Aristophanes did not admire the tyrant state, which kept her so-called allies in subjection, and that his remarks in "The Wasps" were purely ironical. The proposal of Aristophanes is one of exaggerated "Jingoism." Now, the democratic party in Athens was "Jingo"; the aristocrats, in sympathy with Sparta, were averse to the war. Aristophanes, in the American Civil War, would have been called a "Copperhead." Yet, so much more free was the Athenian than the American state, that he could exhibit, with reward and applause, his anti-democratic pieces. He was defending the old Athenian ideas in religion, literature, politics. He opposed a policy of public tyranny, of public robbery, a democracy of hoodlums. The extraordinary thing is that his ideas were the ideas attributed by Plato to Socrates, while Aristophanes himself confused Socrates with the enemies of Socrates, the Sophists. This was the great stain on the renown of Aristophanes; the most witty of

James Fairbairn.

William Usher.



AN OUTSKIRT OF BULUWAYO, CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH FORCES, OCT. 31.

From a Photograph by G. A. Phillips.

men adopted the dense stupidity of well-to-do Athenian philistinism. His attacks on Euripides, in the name of the older and better tragedy, were much more justifiable. The unrestrained "passion" and gush of Euripides were hateful to the central Greek ideas of taste. They answered, in their way, to some aspects of realistic literature as it thrives at present.

In speaking of his predecessor, M. J. J. Weiss, M. Lemaitre, not wholly without sympathy, shows how Weiss really agreed with the natural popular taste: "This great writer, this professor, historian, statesman, at the bottom of his heart was a childlike soul, a *grisette*, had a simple, popular vein of sentiment. His preferences are the preferences of Mimi Pinson." *La littérature brutale*, the squalid, sordid, "powerful" literature so much praised just now, Weiss thought "immoral." The *grisette*, Mademoiselle Mimi Pinson, is not prudish—far from it—but she hates to see, on the stage, a father detested and disregarded by his children; a wench who has married a good fellow, and who betrays him for a sickly sentimental actor. Miss Pinson does not like it, is disgusted, calls it "immoral," and Weiss agrees with her; and I agree with Weiss. He loathed the *triste*, the squalid, the complacent study of the shabby, the seedy, the mean, of whatever makes a man or a woman sick to see. The absence of pity (as in George Eliot's Rosamond Viney, to take an English example) was what Weiss abhorred. This is what many excellent persons abhor in Thackeray, his pitiless treatment of Beatrix Esmond, his Mrs. Mackenzie, and so forth. But then there is so much in Thackeray quite at the opposite pole from Mrs. Mackenzie and the Baroness Bernstein, who, besides, is not without a glamour

of romance: "Mesdames, je suis la Reine!" This saves Thackeray. Later writers often make a point of bathing for ever in the moral mud. To Weiss literature seems "un amusement divin," not a ceaseless study of disease. Of the two ways of looking at the thing, the way of Weiss and of Mimi Pinson is the wiser and the more enduring way. As M. Lemaitre observes: perhaps in fifty years (if there is any literature then) people may come back to Mimi Pinson and wonder at that "triste baliverne, le roman clinique." "The dirty deeps of life, if they are to be exposed with truth and efficaciously, must be exposed directly, not in fictions and fables: it is the business of moralists and philosophers, not of novelists and poets." That is precisely what one is always urging as with a "*vox clamantis in eremo*" against a multitude of critics, English and American.

THE MATABELE CAPITAL.

Buluwayo, the chief town, or rather kraal, a collection of native huts, the residence of Lobengula, King of the Matabele, has been captured by the troops of the British South Africa Company, under the command of Major Forbes, after fighting and defeating, on Oct. 27, one of the large "impis" or legions of the Matabele warriors, at a place thirty-five miles distant from Buluwayo. The land inhabited by the Matabele is situated midway between the British Protectorate of Bechuanaland, to the south-west, and Mashonaland, the territory of the Chartered Company, to the east. It lies to the north of a wild region composed of rugged granite hills, amidst which dwell the scattered tribes of the Makalaka, driven from their old homes by the fierce Matabele conquerors, and exposed to frequent inroads, accompanied by cruel slaughter, as was the condition of the helpless Mashonas, likewise, before the advent of the British Company's agents in quest of the goldfields. Matabeleland, sloping gently from these central highlands, northward to the plains of the great river Zambesi, is naturally one of the most fertile and beautiful countries in South Africa, being intersected by many streams, having a soil capable of growing most of the cereals,

fruits, and other vegetables useful for the food of Europeans, and a climate not very much hotter than that of the Transvaal. This land is believed to be rich in gold and other metals. It is accessible from Tati, the nearest outpost of the Bechuana frontier, by a route of 200 miles, along which a road could easily be made; the distances from Forts Charter, Victoria, and Salisbury, in Mashonaland, are greater, and the route is more difficult, but there are no obstacles to traffic which cannot be removed at a moderate cost. The value of Matabeleland, as a conquest, is beyond dispute; and its present occupiers, themselves an invading nation, a branch of the Zulu race, addicted to predatory and kidnapping excursions all round their borders, are quite undeserving of any regard for their independence. Whether this country, when the Matabele shall have been finally subdued, is to pass into the custody of Mr. Cecil Rhodes' Company, or to be put under the Imperial sovereignty of Great Britain, represented by the High Commissioner, Sir Henry Loch, who is also Governor of the Cape Colony, is a political question not yet answered. But Matabeleland will surely be annexed by one or the other. We now learn that Sir Henry Loch, on receiving the news of the capture of Buluwayo, offered to garrison the place during the rains with Bechuanaland police; but Mr. Cecil Rhodes declined the offer, as he thought the Chartered Company's police equal to the task. The Cape Ministry have forwarded to Lord Ripon a protest against the administration of affairs in Matabeleland being taken out of the hands of Mr. Rhodes. King Lobengula was then in the neighbourhood of the Shangani and Gwailo rivers, one hundred and forty miles west of Fort Charter.



A JAPANESE FAN-PLAY DANCER.

BY N. SICHEL.

L O R D M A Y O R ' S D A Y .



FRILLS AND FURBELOWS.



RAGS AND TATTERS.



No pack of foxhounds in the country has older associations, none are more famous, than the Pytchley. Opinions may differ as to which is the best from a purely hunting point of view, the Pytchley or the Quorn; but if antiquity goes for aught the palm must be accorded to the former. Between Leicestershire and Northamptonshire there has always existed some rivalry, and if, indeed, the Quorn has aspired to be considered the premier pack, it may be traced to its association with Hugo Meynell, that great *maestro* of fox-hunting science, and Assheton Smith, who witched the world with his extraordinary and bold horsemanship. Be that as it may, both are grand countries, though, indeed, Mr. Osbaldeston, who hunted the Quorn and the Pytchley at various times, gave the preference to the latter. And his reasons for doing so were very apparent. "The Squire" feared the effect of the hard riding field, and welcomed the ox-fences and luxuriant black-thorn—and nowhere does it grow stouter than in Northamptonshire—that gave his pack a chance. Horses can take no liberties with fences in the Pytchley country: they must be jumped clean or else grief is the result. Moreover, pace is requisite, and an underbred horse, as Mr. Sawyer in Whyte Melville's celebrated novel "Market Harborough" found to his cost, is useless. To traverse Northamptonshire, therefore, a man must not only be mounted on an animal endowed with breeding and with staying powers, but one of sufficient size to spread himself over its big fences, where frequently an ox-rail on the landing side of a fence, if, indeed, it does not exist on the take-off side as well, proves a trap to the unwary. And so all the best and bravest of the land, both men and women, flock to Pytchleydom, much, it must be admitted, to the honour of the Master.

To go back, however, to the claims of the Hunt to be considered an ancient one, sufficient warrant for this assertion will be found in the fact that in the records of the village from which the Pytchley Hunt derives its title there is to be found in the time prior to the Conquest the name of one "Alwin the huntsman." He was apparently a person of some importance, and his duty was to destroy the wild animals in the adjacent forests. Then, again, during the reign of Henry III., a William de Pightsley, who was Lord of the Manor, held tenure of certain Crown lands on the condition that he was "to furnish dogs at their own cost to destroy the wolves, foxes, polecats, and other vermin in the counties of Northampton, Rutland, Oxford, Essex, and Buckingham." A rare time must this old sportsman have had, roaming where he would, hunting what he liked, stag, boar, wolf, or fox, and probably devoting his off-days to polecats or other vermin. His hounds, however, we fear, would hardly pass muster in the nineteenth century. At the time his horn re-echoed over what are now broad pastures, stiffly enclosed, the land was all one stretch of forest, and the old towling Southern hound, who wore down his game by sheer perseverance and a wonderful nose, was a

very different animal from the high-bred foxhound of the present day.

But we must leave old William de Pightsley and his descendants, who no doubt had very good sport, and make a forward cast to discover when the present Pytchley country first became known as one essentially devoted to the pursuit of the fox. Hunting history relates that in 1782 the famous Hugo Meynell, of Quorn fame, established his pack at Quorndon. But some thirty years prior to this John George, first Earl Spencer, formed a club at Pytchley Hall, and brought his hounds from Althorp to be kennelled in that village, and, as the late Mr. Nethercote tells us in his book of the Pytchley Hunt, "the country gentlemen and strangers who were members of the club made the old Hall their residence for just as long as suited their convenience, the apartments, as soon as they were vacant, being eagerly taken up by candidates for the 'Order of the White Collar,' which is even still the distinguishing uniform of the Hunt. This Lord Spencer was succeeded by his son in 1783, who, like the present peer and Master of the Pytchley, was First Lord of the Admiralty, and mastered the hounds with signal success for thirteen seasons, with the celebrated Dick Knight as his huntsman. In 1796, however, much to the regret of all his friends, he gave up the hounds, and for one season Mr. Buller, of Maidwell Hall, undertook the management of affairs. In 1797 that famous sportsman Mr. John Warde, who was a master of hounds for fifty-seven seasons, assumed the reins of office. He was famous for the size of his hounds, which, possessing great bone and size, were yet not endowed with great speed, and were by some irreverently termed "John Warde's

Jackasses." Hard riding being then the fashion, they were voted slow by those to whom a gallop was the essence of hunting, and who cared little for and appreciated still less the beauties of hound-work. At length, after eleven seasons of Mastership, Mr. Warde sold his pack for the then enormous price of one thousand guineas to Viscount Althorp, who afterwards became Chancellor of the Exchequer and one of our most distinguished statesmen. He proved an ideal Master, and, politics notwithstanding, devoted himself, like the present peer, his descendant, to the chase. That he was full of energy may be gathered from the fact that he would, in order to snatch a day with hounds, post horses and ride all the way from Spencer House, St. James's, to Pytchley. During his Mastership, which extended from 1808 to 1817, a continuance of brilliant sport was enjoyed. A bad fall, however, in the early part of 1817, so shook him that he resigned the Mastership, to the universal regret of every Pytchley man; and Sir Charles Knightley, of Fawsley, became Master. He held office, however, but for one season, as did his successor, Lord Sondes. On his retirement in 1819 there was at one time a fear that the country would lapse for want of proper support, but a Master in the person of Sir Bellingham Graham came to the rescue, and kept matters going till 1821.

In that year Mr. John Chaworth Musters, of Colwick Hall, Nottinghamshire, became Master, bringing his own pack of hounds with him from his native county, and with his reign the modern history of the Pytchley may be said to begin. Till 1827, "Jack Musters," the name he was always known by, continued to show excellent sport; then began the reign of "The Squire," the famous Osbaldeston, whose marvellous feats of endurance and horsemanship will ever live in the memory of Englishmen worthy of the name. As a huntsman, Mr. Osbaldeston, perhaps, did not shine, owing to his quick temper and anxiety for a gallop; but he



"Knightley's Leap."

SIR CHARLES KNIGHTLEY'S LEAP ON HIS BLACK THOROUGHBRED BENVOLIO:
31 FEET OVER FENCE AND BROOK, BELOW BRIGWORTH HILL.

Mr. A. Dyson.

Captain Somers, Hon. Sec. to Hunt.

Mr. J. T. Mills.

Mr. P. Muntz.

Mr. R. Loder.

Lord Erskine.



Captain Riddell.

Lord Downe.

Earl Spencer.

Mrs. Dyson.

THE PYCHLEY: A WEDNESDAY MEET.

"The Niagara rush to which the 'Gout away!' is the signal."—BROOKING.



THE PYTCHLEY HUNT: GOING TO THE MEET.

was a great man in the hunting world, and will be remembered like others equally famous, but in other spheres of life. There is no need to enlarge here on his feats. Other and more worthy chroniclers have done this, and so we must pass on to the Mastership of Mr. George Payne, which began in 1835, after an interregnum of one season (1834), during which Mr. Wilkins was Master.

It may not be uninteresting here to mention that Mr. George Payne's name will always be associated with one who, strangely enough, bore the same surname, and of whom a high authority said: "No quicker or keener huntsman ever cheered a hound; no better rider ever threw his leg over a saddle; no more civil or intelligent servant ever wore scarlet." That was Charles Payne, who was huntsman to the Pytchley during Mr. Payne's second term of office as well as during the Masterships of Lord Hopetoun, Mr. Villiers, Lord Spencer, and Colonel Anstruther Thompson, and who eventually went to Sir Watkin Wynn. Mr. George Payne gave up the hounds in 1838 and Lord Chesterfield took the command, and the perfection of his arrangements and the liberal way he hunted the country are proverbial. In 1840, however, he handed over the charge to Mr. T. "Gentleman" Smith (who went by this sobriquet to distinguish him from Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith). Mr. Smith, however, resigned in 1842, and then Sir Francis H. Goodricke became Master till 1844, when Mr. George Payne, who was then at the zenith of his turf fame, for the second time assumed office. Right well did he carry on his duties till his death in 1848, and then once more the Pytchley men had to look about for a Master. They were fortunate to find one in Viscount Alford, who speedily acquired immense popularity by his wonderful tact, and the capability he exhibited of combining the "iron hand encased in the velvet glove." His health, however, broke down in 1850, when he was in the heyday of his prosperity, and he had to relinquish very suddenly a post for which he was not only eminently fitted, but a sport which was nearest to his heart. The difficulty of finding a successor to Lord Alford was happily overcome by the Hon. Frederick Villiers consenting to take office, and for two seasons his urbanity and thorough knowledge of business, besides his love of sport, kept the Hunt going till it was again found necessary to choose a new Master. He was found in Lord Hopetoun, during whose reign the Pytchley Hounds had an historical run, which almost vied with the celebrated Waterloo run, to which we shall presently allude. Finding their fox on Nov. 24, 1854, on a very stormy morning, near North Kilworth,

hounds marked him to ground in the main earths at Boughton Clump, after running for two hours and twenty-five minutes, during which they made an eighteen-mile point and traversed some twenty-six miles of ground. Out of a field of two hundred only five or six saw the end of this remarkable run, but Lord Hopetoun was one of them, and he finished on his hack, which he met on its way home. On Lord Hopetoun's retirement, in 1856, the Hunt was carried on under the dual mastership of Mr. Charles Cust and Mr. Villiers, but on the latter being compelled to resign, owing to ill-health, and Mr. Villiers objecting to continue in sole command, the services of a Master were once more in request; and it was owing to the suggestion of Whyte Melville that Colonel Anstruther Thompson, who had just given up the Pife Hounds, was in 1864 induced to accept the position. Never did the Pytchley boast of a better Master. With an intuitive knowledge of hunting, joined to a great charm of manner, Colonel Anstruther Thompson showed magnificent sport, and it was during his reign, when Tom Furr, the present Quorn huntsman, and Dick Roake whipped-in to him, which terminated in 1870, that the famous Waterloo run occurred.

We consider that it may not here be out of place to give an outline of this chase, which took place on Feb. 2, 1865, and had as its point of departure Waterloo Gorse. Leaving this, hounds crossed the brook, and ran through the spinney at Arthingworth to Langborough, through Shipley Spinney, past Clipston, and over the "bottom" at Farndon. Then crossing the river Welland, between Lubenham and Market Harborough, their fox took them across the Leicester Canal by Bowden Inn, Thorpe Langton, and Cranoe, through Glosston Wood and Keythorpe Wood towards Ram's Head; but turning back by Hallston Thorns and Fallow Closes, they traversed Shawston Covert, and ran down to the meadows bordering the Welland, with their fox but one field ahead of them. Here they turned up parallel with the stream to Medbourne station, till, owing to the fox being chased by a dog, a failing scent, and having neither of his whippers-in with him, Colonel Thompson stopped hounds, after having hunted above three hours and a half over the finest part of the Pytchley and Mr. Tailby's countries. Thus ended, somewhat unsatisfactorily, one of the finest chases ever recorded, though it is universally admitted that only during the first part was the pace severe, and that more than one fox was hunted. It is also worthy of record that Graceful was the first hound who threw her tongue in Waterloo Gorse and the last to speak to the fox.

To resume the history of the Hunt. On Colonel Anstruther Thompson's retirement he was succeeded by the late Mr. J. A. Craven, than whom no one was more popular in Northamptonshire, and who under rather adverse circumstances showed capital sport, till once more a Spencer ruled the destinies of the Pytchley in the person of the present Earl, who, with the exception of a few seasons in which Mr. Herbert Langham filled his place during the time of his Viceroyalty in Ireland, has held office ever since.

Our two-page Illustration depicts a "Pytchley Wednesday," a term that has long passed into a proverb, and been accepted, "as 'Brooksby' says, as a type of a condition of things not to be seen elsewhere in full perfection, for if you would learn to what colossal magnitude and manifold variety a hunting field can attain, go out on a Pytchley Wednesday to a favourite fixture. If you would observe how such a field can cordially subject itself to proper discipline, stand at the covert side as one of them! If, again, you would put your nerve and self-confidence to a thorough test, make yourself an atom in the Niagara-like rush to which 'Gone away!' is a signal. If you would mark, in its most perfect form, the first essential for a foxhound in the Shires, watch the Pytchley bitches slipping through that mad torrent! You may learn a good deal else, not the least valuable being to *take care of yourself.*"

Few who have experienced such a scene will gainsay these words; few who have participated in a Pytchley gallop but will have the incident our artist has depicted engraven on their memories, to linger while life lasts and fox-hunting remains the national sport of England.

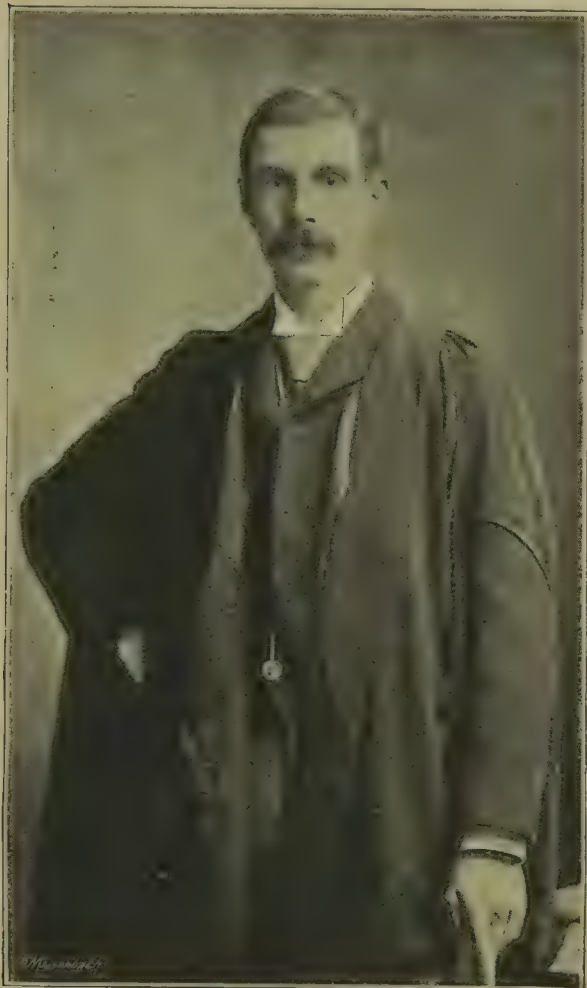


OPENING OF THE HYMERS COLLEGE AT HULL.

Five years ago the Rev. John Hymers, D.D., Vicar of Brandesburton, and formerly tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, left a sum of over £160,000 to "found and endow a school for the training of intelligence in whatever

the diocese, representatives of the Universities, the Head Master of the College, Mr. C. H. Gore, M.A., and his staff of teachers, all in their robes of office. One regret was felt in the assembly—namely, that advancing years and failing health prevented Mr. Robert Hymers, the donor, taking part in the ceremony.

of London, declared the College open, and delivered an interesting and thoughtful address. He was glad that a portion of the educational work of the College was to run upon the old lines. There was still to be the teaching of Latin and Greek, but it was well that the school should have its modern side; diversity in education



MR. C. H. GORE, M.A., HEAD MASTER.

social rank it may be found among the population of the town and port of Hull." But the words "and endow" constituted an infringement of the provisions of the statute of mortmain, the whole property, therefore, passing to the next-of-kin, Mr. Robert Hymers, brother of Dr. Hymers. Happily for Hull, the matter did not end here. Through the discretion and tact of Alderman Woodhouse, now chairman of the College Governors, negotiations were carried on which led to the noble gift of £50,000 from Mr. Robert Hymers, to carry out the original intentions of his brother. The combined generosity of the two brothers is well expressed in the words of the Latin inscription over the entrance: "Hoc Collegium quod animo proposuerat condendum Johannes Hymers, S.T.P. insigni erga fratrem pietate ædificandum: curavit Robertus Hymers."

The opening ceremony was performed on Monday, Oct. 30, by the Right Hon. Lord Herschell, Lord Chancellor of England. Our Illustrations give some idea of the fine buildings which have been erected in the grounds of the old Botanic Gardens of Hull. The architects, Messrs. Botterill, Son, and Bilson, have not only designed and erected an architectural work of much artistic merit and beauty; they have also provided a building of complete utility from a scholastic point of view.

The opening ceremony—after the freedom of the borough had been conferred on the Lord Chancellor at the Townhall—took place at the new College in the presence of the Mayor and other members of the Corporation, the two Suffragan Bishops of



HYMERS COLLEGE, FROM THE LAKE.

Photo by Turner and Drinkwater, Hull.

A fine portrait of his brother, Dr. Hymers, occupied the post of honour above the platform. A further disappointment was the absence of the Archbishop of York from indisposition. The chair was taken by Alderman Woodhouse, chairman of the Governors of Hymers College. Among those present was Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., one of the Senate of the London University, while the older Universities were represented by the Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, and the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge. Lord Herschell, wearing for the first time his robes as Chancellor of the University

was as important as thoroughness. It was a reflection rather causing a sense of despondency how vastly the field of knowledge had increased in recent years. Some generations ago an accomplished man was almost able to hold within his grasp the sum of human knowledge of his day. Now they were becoming all in a greater and greater degree mere specialists. It was impossible for anyone now to have more than a very limited area of possible knowledge. The advance in the store of human knowledge was ever increasing, and it was only possible to know one particular—perhaps a very limited field—in the vast territory of human knowledge. At least they should endeavour to get an idea of the general geographical details of the world of human knowledge: to know what were its principal territories and characteristics and their relations to one another. However little the education might be, if only that little was thoroughly and rationally taught and understood, it added to the interest of life. Educators should at first compel the attention of those who study to the subjects which would best train their intelligence. There came a time later on when boys became young men, and greater freedom could be allowed. Then there should not be an attempt to train every student in precisely the same way, but to see in what particular direction teaching might chiefly be applied. After the usual votes of thanks, the Head Master granted a holiday to the boys, who already number about one hundred and eighty.

MR. G. T. WOODHOUSE,
Chairman of the Governing Body.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR OPENING THE COLLEGE.

In the evening Alderman Woodhouse, Chairman of the Governors, gave a banquet at the Townhall to a large company.

IN THE MARCHES.—No. IV. LUDLOW.

There is an old-world charm and repose about Ludlow most soothing and delightful to the dweller in London or in one of our big manufacturing towns; and the place presents many contrasts to busy Shrewsbury and to idyllic Church Stretton. Ludlow—even the name of Ludlow is restful and suggestive of its quiet old streets and the river-girt meadows which lie beneath the grand mediæval castle.

As we walked out of the station the first object which attracted us was the stately tower of the parish church,

Almost opposite to the Feathers is the Bull Hotel, and by the side of this a passage leads up to the churchyard, in which stands the beautiful parish church of St. Lawrence. Before we go into the church let us look about a little. On the right is a low wall which bounds the churchyard on that side; the ground falls much lower on the other side of this wall, which forms part of the boundary to a narrow street below. On the churchyard side of the wall is a sort of terrace, and from this point are delightful views of the surrounding country. The town was once completely walled, and part of the old wall supports this, the north end of the churchyard. Turning towards the church, at the east end we see a remarkable early seventeenth-century stone building with a projecting front of timber and plaster. The woodwork has been little injured by restoration, and is enriched with a good deal of elaborate carving. It is called the Reader's House.

There is, perhaps, no finer parish church in England than that of St. Lawrence, Ludlow. The style is chiefly Perpendicular, but the south porch is of earlier date; it was built probably about the beginning of the thirteenth century, in the form of a sexagon with a vaulted roof. The church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, and the church at Chipping Norton have similar porches.

The interior of St. Lawrence is singularly imposing: the graceful clustered pillars of the nave and the four lofty pointed arches from which the lantern springs give a great effect of space and beauty. The church contains a good deal of fine stained glass. The large window at the east end of the chancel dates from the fifteenth century; unfortunately the original glass was greatly injured, but it was cleverly restored by David Evans of Shrewsbury between 1828 and 1832. A great part of the window, in which there are sixty-five compartments, illustrates various scenes in the life of St. Lawrence.

In St. John's Chapel there is another stained-glass window of great beauty, of the fifteenth century, illustrating the "Legend of the Ring" in eight groups. The story runs that King Edward the Confessor one day met a poor man, who begged alms of him; the king, having no money with him, gave the beggar a ring, and thought no more about the matter. Some time

afterwards two pilgrims from Ludlow, while wandering in the Holy Land, met an old man; he told them that he was St. John the Evangelist, and showed them a ring which he said had been given him in charity by King Edward of England. He begged the pilgrims to give the ring back to the king as a token that he would soon meet him in Paradise. The pilgrims promised to carry out the old man's wishes, and on their return to England they sought an audience of the king, and faithfully fulfilled their promise by giving him the ring. Shortly afterwards the king died.

In this church are several monuments, particularly interesting for their faithful representation of the costume of the latter part of the sixteenth century and the early part of the seventeenth century. In the chancel are effigies of Sir Robert Townshend, Lord Chief Justice of the Council in the marches of Wales and Chester, and Dame Alice, his wife; of Edmund Walter and Mary, his wife; of Edward Waties and Martha, his wife, and an inscription to a sister of Sir Philip Sidney, Ambrosia Sidney, the fourth daughter of Sir Henry Sidney, President of the Council of Wales; she died in Ludlow Castle on Feb. 22, 1574. In St. John's Chapel there is an imposing monument to Sir John Brydgeman and his wife, surmounted by their effigies. Perhaps the quaintest monument of all stands in the south transept, erected to Lady Eure, wife of Lord Eure, President of the Marches of Wales. Her effigy in alabaster reclines sideways at full length, her head rests upon her left hand. She is a buxom woman of determined appearance, and she wears the large ruff, stomacher, and stiff petticoat of the period; she died on March 10, 1612.

There are three remarkable carved rood screens, one in front of the choir, another, the finest, before St. John's Chapel; and the third in front of the Lady Chapel. The misericords in the choir are finely carved, and are well worth examination. Some of them are very grotesque; one has a representation of a cockatrice. Mr. Oliver Baker, in his interesting "Ludlow Town and Neighbourhood," quotes the following quaint account of the origin of a cockatrice: "When the cock is past seven years old an egg groweth within him,



WEST DOORWAY OF CIRCULAR CHAPEL, LUDLOW CASTLE.

whereat he wondereth greatly. He seeketh privately a warm place—on a dunghill or in a stable—to which he goeth ten times daily. A toad privily watcheth him, and examineth the nest every day to see if the egg yet be laid. When the toad findeth the egg he rejoiceth much, and at length, hatching it, produceth an animal with the head and breast of a cock and from thence downward the body of a serpent. And that is a cockatrice."

Close to the church is the Butter Cross, a seventeenth-century Renaissance building with a bell turret: a market is held on the ground floor for poultry, eggs, and butter. On Sunday mornings the Mayor and Corporation meet at the Butter Cross, and, with two mace-bearers leading the way, they walk in procession to the parish church and through the nave to their seats. Castle Street—the street in front of the Butter Cross—leads direct to the castle. The Market Hall is on the right.

It was from the windows of the former Market Hall that the Mayor used to give out the rope for the famous tug-of-war which took place annually on Shrove Tuesday between two parties of men representing Castle Street and Broad Street wards on the one hand, and Old Street and Corve Street wards on the other. The rope was about three inches in circumference and nearly forty yards long; at each end of it there was a big knob, one coloured red, the other blue. The Castle Street and Broad Street party tried to pull the others down to the river Teme, and if they won they dipped their knob in the river; the Old Street and Corve Street men tried to pull their antagonists to the river Corve, and marked their success by dipping their knob in the river. The victory remained with those who won two contests out of three. The struggles were often very fierce, and, owing to the frequency of accidents, the custom was finally stopped in 1851.

The castle is approached by an outer court standing within high walls, surrounded by a moat planted with tall trees, which hide all appearance of the castle buildings. Some buildings on the left in the outer court are said to have been the stables. The outer court is very spacious, it is grassed; on the side of it opposite to the entrance is the massive keep, with its lofty walls almost entire; another dry moat lies outside the keep and adjoining buildings. According to Mr. Eyton the Norman parts of this famous castle appear to have been built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries by Roger de Lacy and Joce de Dinan.—G. S. M.



LUDLOW CASTLE, FROM THE RIVER.

crowning the highest part of the town. The road from the station in a minute or two brought us into Corve Street. Turning to the left and going up the rather steep hill, we soon saw a wonderful old timber house with three gables; it is richly carved, and leans all ways from old age. This is the famous Feathers Hotel, said to be one of the finest specimens of a timber house now standing in England; it has been a good deal spoilt by painting and restoration, but it is still marvellously picturesque, the interior also is well worth seeing, especially the coffee-room, which has an elaborately ornamented ceiling, panelled walls, and a richly carved oak mantelpiece.



THE FEATHERS INN.



THE GATEWAY AND CHURCH TOWER.



MINERS' CHILDREN WAITING FOR DINNER AT THE INCE COLLIERIES.



DINNER TO CHILDREN AT THE INCE COLLIERIES.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There is nothing equal to fur for becomingness, as well as for cosiness in the cold weather. Sable and sealskin are always in fashion, but, owing to their costliness, are not for everybody, and other furs have their waxing and waning in popularity as much as all other articles of attire. The craze of the moment is ermine. This fur has been out of fashion so long that many people's old aunts or grandmothers will be found to have pieces of it laid away somewhere, and almost forgotten, that may come into use now to great advantage. I have heard of a lady whose aged cousin died the other day, leaving a stored-away set of ermine, which her heiress sold for eightpence to an old-clothes dealer, on the ground that she thought it was too old-fashioned to wear! A sad tale, the moral of which is that every woman should try to keep herself informed on such points. Even a small ermine collar—or, rather, necktie—round in shape, and but long enough to encircle the throat, gives an air of newness and distinction to any toilette just now. But an abundant look is to be preferred. A great square collar of ermine, for instance, put on a jacket, either of seal or of cloth, or warmly lined black moiré, has a wonderful stateliness; and, for younger women's wear, a tippet, wide just over the shoulders, and narrowing down the figure so as to slope into quite slim ends that reach nearly to the feet, is a "sweet thing." Cloaks of broadened woollen are also excellently finished off by collars of ermine. One of the most superb garments that I have lately seen was an evening cloak of shot ruby velvet, with a deep pleated shoulder-cape trimming and a high Medici collar, and also an entire lining, all of ermine.

As regards price, some guide may be given by saying that the little narrow neckties that merely encircle the throat are a guinea each, while the elaborate cloak last mentioned is thirty pounds. Fur is always an expensive purchase, but it lasts so long that it is not really dear in the end. As regards the ermine, however, it is to be remembered that the use of it may be only a passing fancy. I am informed that one thing that was instrumental in driving it out of fashion years ago was the readiness and the accuracy to the casual eye with which it can be imitated in the skin of the domestic pussy, aided by the tail-tips of other even more commonplace furry beasts. This deluge of cheap imitation ermine may happen again, and, if so, will soon drive it back to obscurity. Seal-skin, now, can never be effectually imitated. The seal in his icy waters has a monopoly of the peculiar deep and thick-growing fur that is so much sought after. But this fur is so dear now that even a little coat or mantle costs thirty pounds, and ample and handsome ones go on far upwards; on the other hand, it will not go out of fashion, for it is dark and not too showy; it is handsome, cannot be imitated, becoming to the wearer's face, warmer than any other fur, and its costliness is only an additional recommendation as this world goes, for the advice of old Polonius, "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," is as worldly-wise to-day as in Elizabethan times. So if I were asked whether I think an ermine or a seal coat or cloak the most profitable investment now, I should vote for the dark and certainly abiding sealskin, except where "expense is absolutely no consideration," nor likely to be so. Yet it would be difficult to resist the intrinsic charm and fashionable vogue of the ermine set.

Anyhow, if you do have an ermine "rig-out," be sure to get a huge muff. Do not be put off with a merely large one, for the revived fur demands for its full effect to be worn in the old-fashioned style. The big muffs are remarkably becoming and smart, too, when used by women with slight figures, held in to show the shape nicely by one of those jackets that fit to the waist and spread out below it in the approved fashion of the "pelisse" of the day. To aid this appearance of slenderness at the waist and width above and below, it is often the practice to put a belt round the waist, but this is not done by the best makers, and so its presence stamps a cheap look on any jacket. It is too much like the "Russian jacket," of which we had enough a few seasons ago, to be in good style, and a thoroughly well-cut pelisse does not need such an aid to stand out well as regards its tails, and make the waist look slim under the full tippet of ermine or other fur, or under the shoulder cape of cloth edged with fur, and well interlined with stiffening. Then the "Granny muff" comes in and finishes off the whole, giving the ancient appearance to the costume that is so bewitching when it is combined with the freshness of youth and slender elegance in the person.

The other furs that are fashionable are all the short-haired and close-sittingskins, such as skunk, wolverine, sable, and its humbler cousin mink, and, above all, Persian lamb. The loose-haired furs, such as the varieties of bear, are not to be chosen. Dresses as well as outdoor wraps are being much trimmed with fur, in narrow lines only, sometimes going round the bottom of the skirt, and sometimes edging the capes or revers, as the case may be, that finish the shoulders of the frock. A tea-gown, edged as regards the shoulders, wrists, and foot of the skirt with fur, has a singularly chic and also cosy and warm appearance. But the fitness of things seems hardly to justify an edging of sable to a pale blue brocade low-cut ball dress; or an ivory moiré dinner gown, cut low in front and edged with brown wolverine in a narrow strip along the décolletage, while huge double revers turn back over the full-topped sleeves of pink and white brocade, the revers and elbows all tipped by fur, and a fall of deep old lace coming beneath the fur nearly to the wrist. Yet these are two smart gowns that I have just seen. Very suitable, however, looked a navy serge cut round in deep vandykes to reveal a simulated petticoat of black moiré edged with brown fur, the full drooping Victorian sleeves being cut out in points above the wrist, and edged in similar fashion, and the moiré making a deep waist-belt and a double shoulder-cape, the latter edged with fur. Ermine looks an ideal trimming for an evening dress. A beautiful robe was of violet velvet, with a long train edged all round by a narrow strip of ermine, the fur also trimming an opening up one side, which was filled in by the finest white lace. The ermine was carried round the bottom of the round bodice, which had a deep berthe of lace and full sleeves of violet velvet trimmed longwise, with a series of bands of ermine terminating in ermine elbow-straps, under which deep frills of lace hung almost to the wrist.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

T. GODFREY (Kingston-on-Thames).—The Q P opening is a form of the close game very much in favour with the modern school, partly because it yields no immediate attack, and partly because in its development it gives opportunities of small gains, which are maintained to the end. But properly met, it leaves the game about even.

THE REV. A. W. S. A. ROW (West Drayton).—The positions shall be re-examined and reported upon again.

J. W. SHAW (Montreal).—We are much obliged for your kindness in reading the slips.

D. G. PEMAZOGGI (Alexandria).—Your solution is quite correct, and is acknowledged below. The problem, coming from so far, shall have our careful attention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2572 received from Berthold G. Tours (Peking) and G. E. Bottomley (Melbourne); of No. 2574 from G. E. Bottomley; of No. 2582 from Sigismund Goetze and J. G. Pesmazoggi (Alexandria); of No. 2583 from Howich, E. J. D. Wigginton, and W. T. Robinson (New Mills); of No. 2584 from L. Beirlant, G. Grier (Hednesford), Howich, John Jonas (Chester), H. P. W. Lane (Stroud), T. Robinson, J. M. K. Lupton (Richmond), and John Meale (Mattishall); of No. 2585 from R. Worters (Canterbury), Brockley, Howich, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), H. F. W. Lane, T. Isaac (Maldon), C. H. Knight (Coalbrookdale), J. M. K. Lupton, Rudolf Carl (Wien), and L. Beirlant (Bruges).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2583 received from J. D. Tucker (Leeds), W. R. Baillem, F. J. Knight, G. Joyce, Captain J. A. Challice, Joseph Wilcock (Chester), Dawn, Shadforth, Sorrento, W. P. Hind, Hermit, J. F. B. Livesay (Ventnor), L. Desanges, C. E. Perugini, Digamma, Charles Burnett, H. S. Brandreth, Martin F. A. J. Hagood (Hastur), Julia Short (Exeter), E. E. H. Alpha, J. Dixon, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), T. Roberts, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), P. R. Wilkinson, T. G. (Ware), R. Worters, N. Harris, B. D. Knox, Blair Cochrane (Clewer), White-Workman (Eastbourne), A. Newman, Frank E. Poulter, F. R. Jackman (Hull), and G. R. Harzeaves (Brighton).

Many correspondents attempt a solution of this problem by 1. K to K7th, overlooking the defence of 1. Kt to K3rd.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2585. By F. HEALEY.

WHITE.
1. B to B4th
2. B to Q3rd (ch)
3. Kt to K7th. Mate.

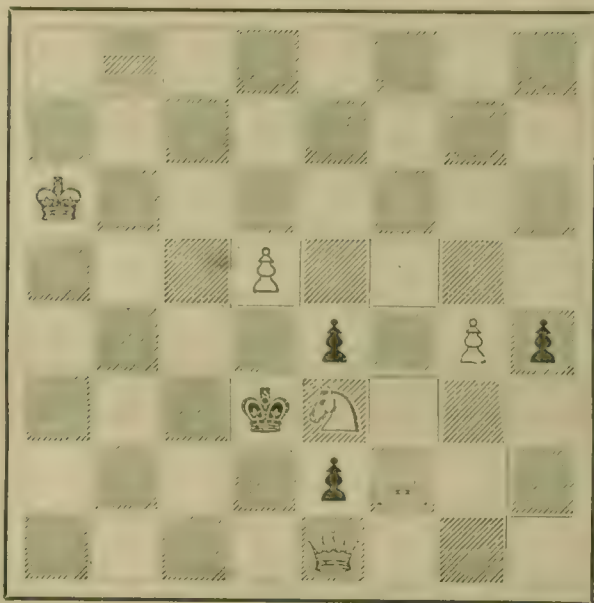
BLACK.
Kt to Q3rd
K to Q4th

If Black play 1. B to B3rd, 2. B to Q3rd (ch), &c.; if 1. B takes P, 2. Kt to B5th to Kt3rd (ch) K to B6th, 3. B takes; if 1. P to Kt5th, then 2. P to B3rd (ch), K takes Kt, 3. B to Q3rd. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2588.

By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Game played in the match between Dr. TARRASCH and M. TSCHEGORIN.
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Dr. T.). BLACK (M. T.).

1. P to K4th P to K4th
2. K Kt to B3rd Q Kt to B3rd
3. B to Kt5th P to Q R3rd
Abandoned later for the old Kt to B3rd.

4. B to R4th Kt to B3rd
5. Kt to B3rd B to Kt5th
6. Kt to Q5th B to R4th
7. Castles P to Q Kt4th
It may be questioned whether P to Q3rd is not now superior.

8. B to Kt3rd P to Q3rd
9. P to Q3rd B to Kt5th
10. P to B3rd Kt to K2nd
It is not easy to see until the reply comes that this move is faulty.

11. Kt takes K P
A most brilliant stroke, which wins a clear Pawn against any play.

11. P takes Kt

12. Kt takes Kt (ch) P takes Kt
13. Q takes B Kt to Kt3rd
14. B to Q5th R to Q Kt3rd
15. P to K B4th P to B2nd
16. B takes Q B P (ch) K to K2nd
17. B to Q5th Q to Kt5th
18. P takes K P Q to Kt3rd (ch)
19. K to R sq Kt takes P
20. Q to R5th Kt to Kt3rd
21. R takes P
Another brilliancy which destroys all hope. If Q takes K, of course, B to Kt5th wins the Queen.

21. K takes R
22. B to Kt5th (ch) K to Kt2nd
23. Q to R6th (ch) K to Kt3rd
24. R to K B sq R to K B sq
25. B to B6th Q takes B
26. R takes Q, and wins.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the New York Tournament between Messrs. LASKER and ALBIN.
(Queen's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. L.). BLACK (Mr. A.).

1. P to Q4th P to Q4th
2. P to Q B4th P to K4th
An unusual variation. It may have been played under a misapprehension. P to K3rd is universally accepted as the correct reply.

3. P takes K P P to Q5th
4. Kt to K B3rd Kt to Q B3rd
5. P to Q R3rd B to Kt5th
6. P to K R3rd B takes Kt
7. Kt P takes B Kt takes P
8. P to B4th Kt to Q B3rd
The threatened Q to R4th (ch) prevents Kt takes P.

9. B to Kt2nd Q to Q2nd
10. P to Kt4th P to Q R3rd
11. B to Kt2nd R to Q sq
12. Kt to Q2nd K Kt to K2nd
13. Kt to Kt3rd Kt to B4th
If appearances had any significance, Black would appear to have now the better game.

14. Q to Q3rd Kt to K2nd
15. B to K4th B to Q3rd
A tempting move to which White has a crushing reply.

16. Kt to B5th Q to B sq
17. B to K B3rd Kt takes R P appears sound also.

17. WHITE (Mr. L.). BLACK (Mr. A.).

17. R to K Kt sq Kt to Kt3rd
18. Kt to Kt3rd
It would clearly be bad to allow B takes Kt.

19. Castles (Q R) Q to Q2nd
20. K to Kt sq Q to Q3rd
21. R to Kt4th Q takes B P
22. B takes Kt P takes B
23. R takes Q P
The apparent simplicity of Mr. Lasker's play is very notable; its force will soon be appreciated as his games are studied.

24. P to B5th R to Q3rd
25. P to B6th R to K3rd
The objection to R takes Kt is that Kt retakes, threatening afterwards the terrible attack at B5th, whether P to Kt3rd or not.

26. Q takes Q R P Q takes K R P
27. R (Q4th) Q3rd K to Kt7th
28. Kt to Q4th R to B3rd
29. R to K3rd B to Q sq
30. Kt to B2nd
Every move fits in beautifully, and there is no remedy for Black.

30. R takes B P
31. R takes B Resigns.

The portraits of MM. Tarrasch and Tschigorin that appeared in our last number were given by the kind permission of the editor of the *Chess Monthly*, in which magazine they were originally published. The match itself is not yet concluded, both players giving indications of the severity of the strain imposed upon them by the contest.

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

There is a great clang of political harness in the reviews this month, and much emphasis of shibboleths. Mr. John Redmond explains to the readers of the *Nineteenth Century* the terms on which he is prepared to continue his invaluable support to her Majesty's Ministers. In the *Fortnightly* the Fabian Society declare that these recreant Ministers have failed to revolutionise the whole administrative system in sixteen months. By "a few strokes of the pen" they might have turned England into Utopia, and as they have criminally neglected this duty they have forfeited the confidence of those eminent statesmen Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Sidney Webb. The *Fortnightly* also contains a striking article about Ireland. The writer is a pessimist, and draws a gloomy picture of the blight which has fallen on every phase of Irish life, social and commercial. There is a forcible indictment of the Irish railway system, which seems to be successfully administered for the purpose of crushing native industry by exorbitant rates. Fish, fruit, and dairy produce might enjoy flourishing markets if it were not for the prohibitory charges of the Irish railway companies. The Board of Trade in England keeps a vigilant eye on these corporations, and public opinion has forced them to reduce the rates, which threatened to paralyse several industries. But apparently there is no check on the peculiar commercial instinct of the Irish railways, which are conducted on the principle that a small traffic with ruinous charges is better than an abundant traffic with moderate charges. There are fulminations in the *National Review* against parish councils. A reverend gentleman named Fowler informs the world that he is the real author of Mr. Fowler's Bill, which he denounces with great heat. The Bishop of Ripon has something to say about this measure in the *Contemporary*; and in the same review Mr. Henry Norman gives a vivid sketch of the situation in Siam. The Western civilisation which was supposed to have made such progress in that kingdom has evaporated, and a Siamese prince who was a student at Balliol has abandoned all the precepts of the late Professor Jowett, and become a son of Belial. Mr. Sidney Olivier argues in the *Contemporary* that the crisis in the coal trade shows the necessity of placing the administration of that industry in the hands of the State; and in the *New Review* Sadik Effendi assures us that the stories of Turkish misgovernment in Armenia are all myths. The Armenians are, indeed, the only people in the world who can be said to enjoy all the blessings of an enlightened rule.

There is a symposium in the *New Review* about the tyranny of public advertisements. Lady Jeune, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. W. B. Richmond, Mr. Lecky, and Mr. Julian Sturgis are eloquent on the degradation of Nature by the self-sufficiency of patent medicines. They shudder to see from the railway train the advertisements of pills which blur their vision of the landscape. There does not appear to be any remedy for this abuse, and I suspect that the people who live in the landscape are not so susceptible as the æsthetic traveller. But the attempt to stir public opinion in this direction has never been very successful. The Rev. J. W. Horsley will not be more fortunate, I am afraid, in his campaign against betting. He gives in the *New Review* the results of a careful analysis of sporting prophecies, and he discovers that the prophets are wrong on an average in nine cases out of ten. This fact ought, in Mr. Horsley's opinion, to discredit sporting "tips" altogether; but he might just as well expect to exorcise the whole spirit of gambling by a similar calculation. Mr. Herbert Ward writes in the *English Illustrated* an eloquent tribute to the martyrs of African exploration; and in the same magazine Mr. Andrew Lang has some agreeable reminiscences of Balliol College, and Mr. Clement Scott makes a lively and entertaining protest against the Western idolatry of the Japanese girl. But the literary event of the month is Mr. William Graham's article in the *Nineteenth Century* on Jane Clermont. It is an enthusiastic account of the woman who amused Byron and had no small share in the life of Shelley. Mr. Graham had the good fortune to meet Jane Clermont when she was an old lady of eighty, but still beautiful, full of vivacity, and devoted to Shelley's memory. For it is clear that she cherished a bitter resentment against Byron, whom, as she told Mr. Graham, she had never loved, an assertion which must not be judged by the laws of evidence. Her recollections of the two poets are very interesting and very human, and the whole of this chapter of biography is much more to the point than the "chatter about Harriet." There are some readable memoirs of Edwin Booth in the *Century*, together with glimpses of a very simple and manly character.

Of the fiction in the magazines I am struck chiefly by Ianoe Falconer's story in the *New Review*, "An Idealist," and by the "Character Note" and "An Egyptian Fragment" in *Cornhill*. As a piece of pure humour, this tale of the Egyptologist who is pursued even to the tombs of the Pharaohs by a match-making American mother is simply delightful. The author is Mr. Tighe Hopkins, of whose best work in this vein we have only too little. "An Idealist" is an impressive story of disillusion, and it has a touch of the quality which made "Cecilia de Noel" one of the few novels which the reviewer does not hasten to forget. In *Harper's* a sketch entitled "Em'ly" enlarges the humorous possibilities of ornithology. Mr. Egerton Castle's tale of the Hungarian war, in *Temple Bar*, has considerable power. Mr. Robert Barr continues to impart a remarkable variety of interest to his stories of revenge in the *English Illustrated*. Mr. W. L. Courtney discusses dramatic criticism in the *Contemporary*, and maintains that the critic does not invent ideas, but only expounds them. This opinion is unduly modest. Mr. Courtney reviews the past dramatic season in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and Mr. Davenport-Adams, in the same periodical, offers some very sensible and practical suggestions to theatrical managers, especially about the cost of production. Edwin Booth used to tell an anecdote of a professional visit to Honolulu, when the native bill-sticker found the paste so much to his liking that he ate it instead of sticking Mr. Booth's bills. The lavish expenditure on the stage to-day only too often acts like the paste on the Sandwich islander's palate. It is swallowed up without leaving any appreciable benefit to the business of the theatre.

L. F. A.

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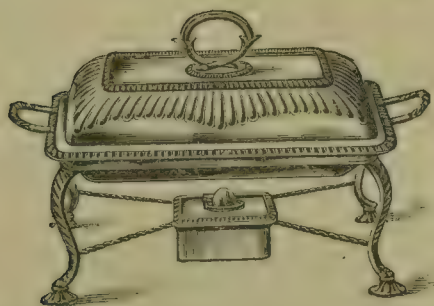
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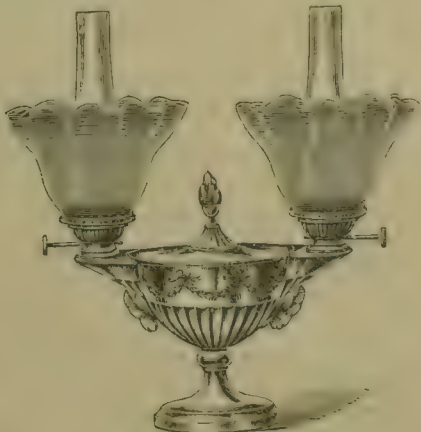


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ART NOTES.

The fact that this is the one-hundredth exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists should give a special interest to the present display. The Society held its first exhibition in 1824, the year which saw the starting of the National Gallery by the purchase of the Angerstein pictures. The Society of British Artists further marked the increasing recognition given to water-colour painting. It was, in fact, owing mainly to Heaphy, Holmes, and Glover—artists who had especially distinguished themselves in that medium, but had been unable to agree with some of the new rulers of the Water Colour Society—that the British Artists owed its existence. Oil paintings were, however, from the first predominant at the Society, one room being especially set aside for water colours. It has passed through many curious phases, and well merits a biographer, if only to recount the wrath of those who, out of conceit with the Royal Academy and all its ways, were anxious to see a rival established in close proximity. How far Haydon co-operated with the council of the British Artists is open to doubt, but George Clint, who had been elected an Associate, and then renounced his connection with the Academy, was certainly one of its most active patrons and promoters. Of late years, the fortunes of the Society, notwithstanding its royal charter, were waning, until the election of Mr. J. M. N. Whistler to the post of President galvanised the body into life. The startling reforms which during his short reign agitated the usually placid council chamber have not altogether lost their power, and it is impossible not to trace in the works accepted and exhibited a desire on the part of the council to recognise the claims, often very crude, of the younger school of painting. On the present occasion many of the older members of the Society show that they are still able to hold a definite place among the artists of the day, and can exhibit work which is as attractive as much of that produced by artists who are able to add to their names the much-coveted distinctions of the rival society. Mr. Lomax, the late Mr. Henley, Mr. Bundy among the figure-painters, although often led away by the love of mere accessories, show that they understand their art; Mr. Cayley Robinson, Mr. Robert Morley, and especially Mr. R. B. Olsson, in his large picture of "Evening" (151) show that in more imaginative work the members are steadily moving onward. It is, however, rather to the younger and less-known exhibitors that one turns when visiting the Suffolk Street Gallery. Among these Mr. Spence, Mr. Arnold Heleke, Mr. Horace Livens, and Mr. A. Benson deserve special recognition. For those who have an eye to future distinction the exhibitions of the Society of British Artists offer opportunities which the bold will not neglect. The number of painters who have now attained distinction, having first made their timid debut in these rooms, is very considerable; and one's regret is that they should not come forward in greater numbers to bear witness to the encouragement, when still unknown, they received from this friendly Society. The names of the exhibitors change much in each

decade, and the council is well advised to observe the old custom of holding the doors open to all outsiders of promise.

It is generally hoped in the interests of art—especially of Scottish art—that the President of the Royal Scottish Academy will, following the example of Reynolds and West, consent to retain his seat. The question at issue between the President and the majority of his colleagues is a problem of long standing: Do you advance art best by distributing more widely honorary distinctions or by making those distinctions more difficult to attain? If there were any means by which old and superannuated members of the Scottish or any other academy could be induced to retire when "their day" was over, there would be less difficulty in the matter. But with new men, with newer thoughts and newer methods springing up, to refuse them admission among the representatives of contemporary art is to condemn art-progress to a snail's pace. The dispute arose in our own Royal Academy some thirty years ago, and it was only under the pressure of public opinion, enforced by a Royal Commission, that the veterans allowed an increase in the numbers of the Associates, and an articulate voice to the latter in the management of the society and the elections of members. No one will, we think, deny that English art has gained by this reform; and Scottish art will, we feel equally confident, not be weakened by the enlargement of the present body in Edinburgh.

We referred briefly last week to Mr. Charles Sainton's silver-point drawings, of which we reproduced some specimens. It will be a disappointment to the public to know that this will be the last exhibition of this delicate work he is likely to make. Although still a very young man, Mr. Sainton's eyesight has suffered considerably from the style of work upon which he has been engaged for some years. He is now absolutely forbidden to pursue his art in this way—in which he had so rapidly taken the lead—but it may be hoped that in some other branch he will retain the position he owes to careful work and a delicate fancy. Mr. Sainton had the exceptional fortune to come before the world as the "son of his parents," but even the high regard in which they were held by so large a public would not have sufficed to secure to Mr. Charles Sainton the success which has attended him in his brief art career, and which all will hope may be long sustained.

Mr. Max Ludby, R.I., has without effort found eighty-eight spots on the Thames between Oxford and Greenwich which are eminently paintable. The walk, therefore, round Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery (New Bond Street), is like a pleasant journey down the river in the full blaze of its beauty. There is no doubt that Mr. Ludby has a very clever knack of catching the leading features of each spot, be it the Weir at Sutton Courtney, the bridge at Wallingford, or the leafy backwaters near Wargrave. There is, however, little individuality in his style or force in his treatment. His foliage, moreover, is too monotonous and his atmosphere too uniform throughout.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A correspondent of the *Guardian* says that "no clergyman at present has the least chance of being elected a Bishop in the Irish Church who is not of the so-called Evangelical party." He complains that the popular parish clergyman who is smooth and pleasant in his utterances and hardly gets beyond the commonplace in his intercourse with anyone, is preferred to the man of thought and learning. There are now three important offices to fill in the Church of Ireland—the primacy, the bishopric of Killaloe, and the bishopric of that diocese whose bishop shall be chosen Primate.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which has been so severely censured for not publishing the works of Miss Braddon, has issued a volume which will have a warm welcome alike from the lover of poetry and the lover of religion. I refer to Miss Christina Rossetti's modestly named "Verses." The lyrics, with but one exception, have appeared before, having been scattered through various books of devotion, but as here collected in an attractive and original form they make a very choice book, and one which will probably see out all the other volumes of this season—even "Dodo." The inner circle of Miss Rossetti's admirers—those who sympathise with her religious views—will consider this the greatest book she has written.

Archdeacon Farrar estimates that there are 4000 unemployed clergymen in the Church of England. So it is stated in a newspaper paragraph; but I fancy the Archdeacon qualified the alarming figures. Many men appear in the clergy-list who, while in orders, earn their living by teaching and writing or in other ways, and many are in independent circumstances, and probably would not accept a cure of souls. It was discovered lately when similar statistics were published about Nonconformists that things were not nearly so bad as they looked. It would be unfortunate and ominous if we had no choice of clergy.

I understand that Professor Cheyne, of Oxford, has undertaken the commentary on Genesis for a new series of critical commentaries on the Old Testament, which are to be edited by his colleague, Professor Driver.

Much interest is being taken in the visit to this country of the missionary to the New Hebrides, Dr. John G. Paton, whose story of his career among the South Sea cannibals is, perhaps, the most graphic missionary narrative ever written. Canon Hicks and Dr. Maclaren presided at Dr. Paton's meetings in Manchester.

In ten years the population of London has increased 866,671. The religious bodies have provided increased accommodation in the churches and chapels for 206,400.

Statistics of the Baptists in England show 1473 ministers, of whom 412 have entered the ministry within the past ten years. In all the world, it is computed, there are 46,500 Baptist churches, with about 30,000 pastors and over four million church members, not including those of the religious congregations who are outside the pale of strict church-membership.

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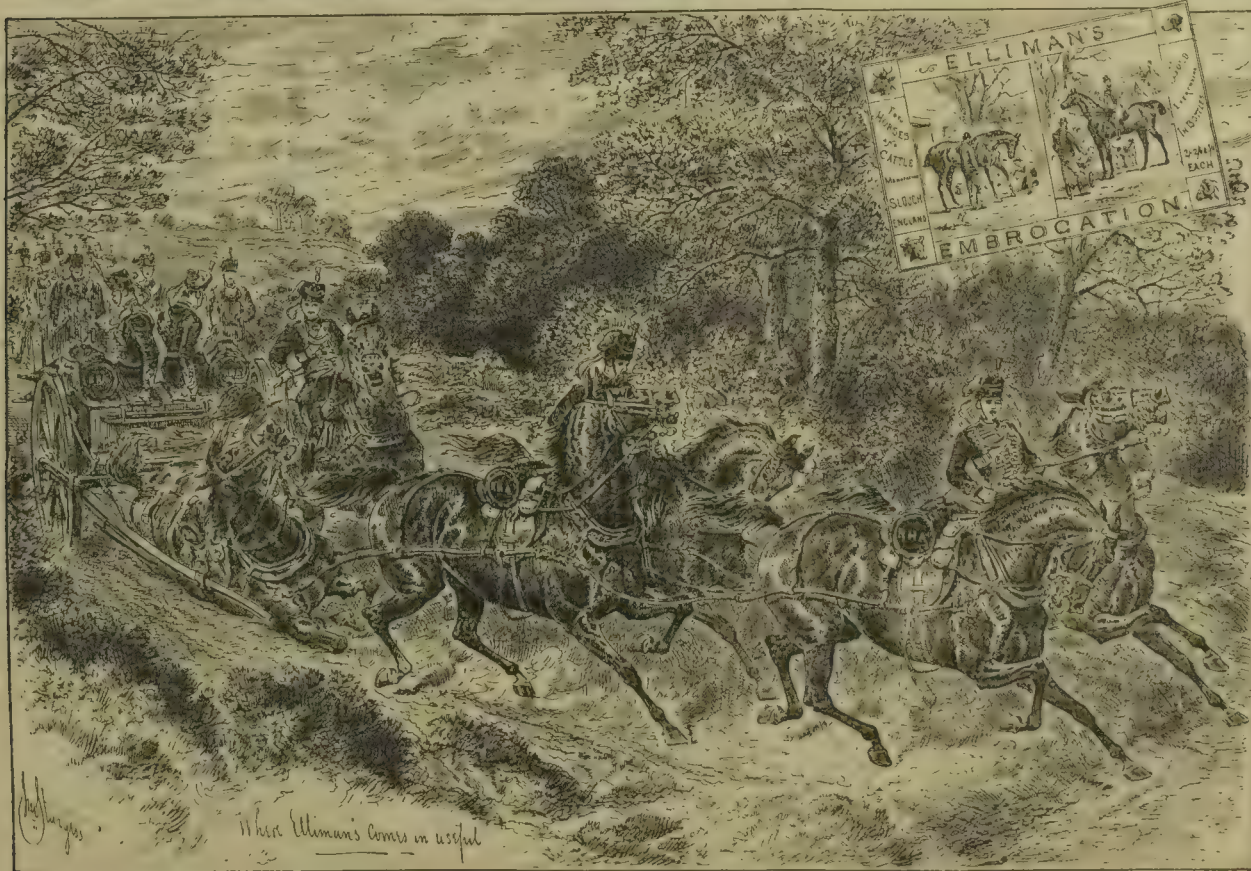
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From W. De Salis Filgate, Esq., Lissrenny, Ardee, Ireland.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The announcement that Mr. Charles Hawtrey is to appear in a new farce is pretty sure to secure a full house, for Mr. Charles Hawtrey, personally popular among his companions, is now the leading light comedian of the day. A time comes in the career of most light comedy actors when they think it due to their dignity and position to become frivolous. Charles Mathews, who appeared as youthful at sixty as he was at twenty-five, on one memorable occasion, to the surprise of the whole dramatic world, elected to play a villain in a wild melodrama by his old friend Palgrave Simpson. I never witnessed such an absolute failure. He owned it himself. After that he made up his mind that tragedy was not the forte of the "hop, skip, and jump" comedian, who went back to "Cool as a Cucumber," "The Game of Speculation," and "Used Up," to the delight of his innumerable friends. Edward Sothorn, the elder, was another light comedian, *futle princeps*, the best of his day, who was ever pining for serious work. He made his reputation, of course, as Lord Dundreary, Cousin Sam, and such parts as Hugh de Brass in "A Regular Fix," which he played to perfection, but he always hankered after romantic and love parts. His performance in Westland Marston's "Favourite of Fortune" was, to my mind, a very indifferent one indeed, but his greatest sorrow was to be considered a light comedian and eccentric actor pure and simple. On one occasion Sothorn—seriously, mind you, and by no means as a joke—played certain scenes from "Othello," with Buckstone as Iago. The house, I need scarcely say, was convulsed with laughter—in fact, it was with difficulty that the play went on. No; Edward Sothorn was a farce actor, a humourist of a very pronounced type, a lover of practical jokes. He fancied there was a sentimental stop in his composition, but it was not so. I may turn aside for a moment and remind you that the late and much-regretted Fred Leslie was bitten with the same gadfly. But although his Rip was a delightful performance, and though he hankered after the leading parts of high comedy, I think he was right, like the cobbler, to "stick to his last." Nature had made him a humourist,

and as a humourist he will be best remembered by the artistic world who so readily recognised his talent.

It is not quite fair to include Charles Wyndham in this category, because he was, on the whole, a far better "all round" actor than those I have mentioned. He began as a serious actor long before he was recognised as the best farce actor of his time. I saw him play serious parts at the Royalty when he was a very young man, and he opened the old Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, in a serious part. He is only now going back to his first and early love, and no one can have seen him recently in "The Bauble Shop" without being convinced that he was right to do what he not only thought and felt he could do best, but what he has been proved to excel in. An actor who takes up the mantle of a dead actor when the memory of the original is still very vivid, does so at considerable risk. Here Charles Wyndham was, in a measure, handicapped when he played David Garrick. We critics are often horribly and, perhaps, unfairly conservative in these matters. But we are not alone in this respect. It takes a very good Hamlet and Romeo and Claude to win us away from our early impressions, so many of us may be forgiven for a lingering love for our first David Garrick and our first Rip van Winkle. But with the younger generation these things are nothing. They love Charles Wyndham's Garrick, and they very properly love it, for in many an important scene it is far better than Sothorn's—in the last act emphatically so. At any rate, a "mere farce actor" could not have made a brilliant comedy success as Charles Surface, Young Marlow, or as the lord in "The Bauble Shop."

The time has not, however, yet come for the conversion of Mr. Charles Hawtrey into the paths of seriousness. He has lighted upon a very amusing farce written by a Mrs. Pacheco, who, if she can give us more plays like "Tom, Dick, and Harry," may be regarded as the Mrs. Centlivre of her time. Few women write farces, and certainly very few have acquired the gift of construction in so pronounced a manner. No experienced French or German farce writer could have invented more ingenious complications. The great difficulty about the farce is what is called

"the air of probability." But this is the difficulty with most farces. The public will not hesitate to swallow it both with Mrs. Pacheco's farce at the Trafalgar and Mr. Melford's farce at the Vaudeville. In "Tom, Dick and Harry," we have to assume that three men are so exactly alike in appearance, size, voice, habit and manner, that their dearest friends, the fathers who own them, the wives who marry them, the girls who kiss them, cannot possibly distinguish one from the other. This is what people call a "strong order," but it did not prevent the instant appreciation of the farce by the guileless public. It "went with a snap," and I have not heard such laughter in a theatre for many a long year. And yet, funny as the farce is, there is not much scope in it for acting. Mr. Charles Hawtrey and his brother, Mr. John Beauchamp, Miss Vane Featherstone, and Miss Sophio Larkin are all admirable, but, after all, they are only the marionettes pulled on a string by the ingenious authoress. Still, what is the use of being critical? The farce clearly amuses, and it is a delight in these days to feel that honest and legitimate laughter has returned to the stage.

At the Steinway Hall, on Nov. 4, the Misses Tulloch gave a largely attended recital. The varied talent of this quintet of graceful sisters was exemplified in their diversified programme of music and elocution. From the eldest to the youngest, each Miss Tulloch displayed successfully unusual gifts, which received hearty appreciation.

His Highness Abu Baka, Sultan of Johore, a Malay sovereign principality near Singapore, during his visit to England eight years ago, made acquaintance with a young lady, Miss Jenny Mighell, who has, since his second visit to this country in 1891, sued him for breach of promise of marriage. Service of the writ for this action, or the legal substitute for its direct service, the defendant being in foreign parts, has been opposed upon the ground that he is an independent sovereign, who cannot be made amenable to an English court of law. The argument came before the judges, Mr. Justice Wills and Mr. Justice Lawrance, in the High Court, on Saturday, Nov. 4. It was decided that the action must be set aside.

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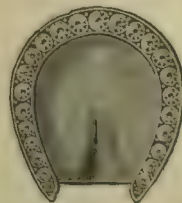
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1893) of Mr. Joseph Gordon Davis, late of 4, Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, who died on Sept. 27, was proved on Oct. 27 by Frederick Davis, the son, and Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Barrett, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £70,000. The testator's many freehold and leasehold houses are specifically devised and bequeathed, upon trusts, for his said son and daughter; and his general residuary estate he leaves, upon trust, for such persons as the survivor of his two children shall by will appoint.

The will (dated March 2, 1893) of Miss Elizabeth Boyd, late of Addington House, Abbey Wood, Kent, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Oct. 25 by Thomas Boyd and Alfred Boyd, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £45,000. The testatrix gives numerous and considerable legacies to relatives and others; and the residue of her real and personal estate to her two nephews, Thomas Boyd and Alfred Boyd, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 6, 1890) of Mr. Charles Rogers Coxwell, late of South Bank, Great Malvern, who died on July 6, was proved on Oct. 20 by the Rev. Richard Coxwell Rogers, the nephew, and Edward Nevinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Malvern Rural Hospital; £300 to the Rector of Dowdeswell, upon trust, to distribute the dividends at his discretion in money at Christmas among the deserving poor of the said parish; £300 to the Vicar of Bibury, Gloucestershire, upon trust, to distribute, at his discretion, the dividends in money at Christmas among the deserving poor of the hamlet of Abington; £500 to the Vicar of Christchurch, Great Malvern, upon trust, to distribute at his discretion the dividends in money at Christmas among the deserving poor of the parish of Great Malvern; £2000 to his nephew the Rev. R. C. Rogers, and considerable legacies to nephews, nieces, relatives of late wife, executors, servants, and others.

He settles his freehold hereditaments and cottages in the hamlet of Ablington upon his nephew Charles Edward Coxwell Rogers. The residue of his property he leaves to nephews and nieces.

The will (dated May 12, 1893), with a codicil (dated Sept. 29 following), of Mr. Samuel Farley, late of 45, Lordship Road, Church Street, Stoke Newington, who died on Oct. 2, was proved on Oct. 25 by George Thomas Dunn and Josiah Beddow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 each to the East London Hospital for Children and Dispensary for Women, and the Middlesex Hospital; £2500 to the Royal National Life-boat Institution; and liberal legacies to friends, executors, and servants. The residue of his property he gives to George Thomas Dunn, Josiah Beddow, and William Farley Hills, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1891) of Mr. Richard Marsh, late of Little Offley, Herts, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Oct. 23 by Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Marsh, the widow, Charles Sheppard Marsh, the son, Henry George Sawyer, and Frederick Ashfield Wright, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator bequeaths £200, and all his consumable stores, carriages and horses to his wife; his live and dead agricultural and farming stock to his son; and legacies to his executor, Mr. Sawyer, and an annuity to his groom Samuel Smith. All his real estate he leaves to his wife for life or widowhood; on her death or marriage again he gives Anstage End Farm, a beerhouse, and some cottages to his son; a close of land to go with the Little Offley estate; and the remainder of his real estate to his son for life, and then for his children or remoter issue as he shall appoint. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, then, as to £10,000 equally, to be divided between his daughters, and the ultimate residue to his said son.


The will and codicil (both dated Sept. 29, 1893) of Mr.

Thomas Pain Franklyn, late of Maidstone, Kent, who died on Oct. 11, were proved on Oct. 25 by John Knowles and Frederick Stovold Stenning, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £12,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 upon trust to pay the income to the commanding officer for the time being of the A and B companies of the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Royal West Kent Regiment stationed at Maidstone, to be applied for the benefit and for increasing the military efficiency training and knowledge of such companies or their successors, it being his desire to keep his name connected with the corps of which he for some time had the command, and as a memento of the regard in which he held the Volunteer force. In case the said companies or their successors shall be disbanded the said sum of £1000 is to be held as a charity for the benefit of the sick, impotent, or aged poor of the parish of Maidstone, the dividends to be distributed annually, about Christmas time. He also bequeaths £2000 to the West Kent General Hospital at Maidstone; £1000 to the Kent County Ophthalmic Hospital at Maidstone; and all his books, pamphlets, printed papers, and the birds which he has shot and had stuffed, to the Maidstone Museum.

The will (dated May 21, 1874) of Major James William Anderson, 4th Bombay Cavalry, late of Sirur, in India, who died on May 18, at Aden, was proved on Oct. 23 by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Henry Scott, R.A., acting under a power of attorney from Charles Edward Coles, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £12,000. The testator, if he shall leave any child or children, leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Catherine Louisa Anderson, for life, and then for his children in equal shares; and if he shall not have any children to pay £200 per annum to his wife, for life, and the residue of his property equally between his sister Adela Blanche Stewart, and his step-sister Catherine Annie Gordon Scott.

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OBITUARY.

BARON FFRENCH.

Sir Martin Joseph Ffrench, Baron Ffrench, died on Nov. 2 at his residence near Dublin, aged eighty. Lord Ffrench, who had only recently succeeded to the title and proved his right to vote as an Irish Peer, was a barrister - at - law, and formerly resident magistrate for county Tipperary. He was born Oct. 1, 1813; and married, in 1862, Catherine Mary Anne, only daughter of Mr. John O'Shaughnessy, of Birchgrove, Galway, and by her leaves an eldest son Charles Austin Thomas Robert John Joseph Ffrench, now Baron Ffrench.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES TEESDALE.

Major-General Sir Christopher Charles Teesdale, K.C.M.G., C.B., V.C., died at his residence, The Ark, South Bersted, Bognor, Sussex, on Nov. 1. Sir Charles, who was her Majesty's Master of the Ceremonies, was son of Lieut.-General Henry George Teesdale, by Rose Budd, his wife, daughter of Mr. Harry Dobrée, of Beau Séjour, Guernsey, and was born June 1, 1833. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1851, and gained his Victoria Cross during the Crimean War. He was appointed Equerry to the Prince of Wales in 1858, and in 1877 A.D.C. to the Queen. Sir Charles was not married.

MARRIAGES.

On Oct. 31, at Binsted Church, by the Lord Bishop of Winchester, assisted by the Rev. Charles Theobald, Rector of Lasham and Rural Dean and the Rev. Henry Clements, Vicar of Sidmouth, Henry John Beresford, older son of Colonel Clements, of Killadoon, county Kildare, Ashfield Lodge, county Cavan, and Lough Rynn, county Leitrim, to Eleonore, younger daughter of William Wickham, Esq., M.P., of Binsted Wyke, Hampshire.

COPPER WEDDING.—On Nov. 7, 1883, at St. Marylebone Church, W., by the Rev. Grant E. Thomas, B.C.L., and privately, owing to family bereavements, the Rev. J. Hector de Courcelles, M.A., of Worcester College, Oxford, and some time incumbent of St. Andrew's, Ardrossan, to Matilda Chrysogona, daughter of the late Rev. William John St. Aubyn, M.A., Rector of Stoke Damerel, Devonport, and granddaughter of Sir John St. Aubyn, F.R.S., fifth Bart., of Clowance and St. Michael's Mount, county Cornwall, and also granddaughter of the late Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, Bart., of Belhus, Essex, and his wife, Dorothy, Lady Lennard, sister and co-heir of the above-named Sir John St. Aubyn, fifth Bart., F.R.S.

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SIR ANDREW CLARK, BART., M.D.

Sir Andrew Clark, of Cavendish Square, parish of St. Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., first baronet, died on Nov. 6. He was the only child of Mr. Andrew Clark, of St. Fergus and Aberdeen, and was born Oct. 28, 1826. He married, first, in August 1851, Seton Mary Percy, daughter of Captain Foster, R.N., of Alnwick, by whom he had one son, James Richardson Andrew, who succeeds him in the baronetcy, and three daughters; and secondly, in 1862, Helen Annette, daughter of Mr. Alphonso Doxat, of Leytonstone, by whom he had one son and two daughters. Lady Clark survives him. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in 1858, and President in 1888. He was created a baronet Aug. 9, 1883. He was honorary LL.D. of the Universities of Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen, and honorary Fellow of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland. The new baronet was born in 1852, and is surgeon-captain on the Army Medical Staff.

THE HON. CHARLES HOPE.

The Hon. Charles Hope died at St. Mary's Isle, Kirkcudbright on Oct. 31. The late Mr. Hope, who was son of General the Earl of Hopetoun, and was born Sept. 11, 1808, was M.P. for the shire of Linlithgow in the Conservative interest from 1838 to 1845, and was afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man. He married, in 1841, Lady Isabella Helen Douglas, daughter of Thomas, fifth Earl of Selkirk, and by her leaves issue. On the death of Lady Isabella Helen Hope's

brother, the last Earl, the earldom of Selkirk became extinct.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dame Zéphine Birch, wife of Sir Arthur N. Birch, K.C.M.G., on Nov. 4 at 1, Old Burlington Street. She was eldest daughter of Mr. Jesse David Watts Russell, of Ilam Hall, in the county of Derby, M.P.

Mr. Charles Mathew Clode, C.B., F.S.A., Legal Secretary in the War Department, on Nov. 4 at 14, Ashley Place.

Dame Mary O'Donnell, widow of Sir Richard Annesley O'Donnell, Bart., of Newport, county Mayo, on Nov. 4. This lady was daughter of the late Mr. George Clendinning, of Westport, in the same county.

Lady Lanerton died at her residence, Woolbeding, Midhurst, on Nov. 2. She was daughter of the Hon. George Ponsonby, son of Baron Ponsonby, and in 1842 married the first Baron Lanerton (son of the sixth Earl of Carlisle), by whom she had no issue.

Major-General Reginald Ouseley, who died at Ealing on Oct. 22.

Mr. William Harcourt Lovell Clare, of Kibworth Harcourt, Leicestershire, on Oct. 24.

Mr. John Cleland, of Stormont Castle, Dundonald, county Down, on Oct. 23. The late Mr. Cleland was J.P. and D.L. of county Down, and in 1866 was High Sheriff.

Captain the Hon. Frederick Charles Howard, on Oct. 26. He was brother of the present Earl of Effingham, and married, June 3, 1871, Constance Eleanora Caroline, eldest daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, and by her leaves issue.

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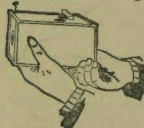
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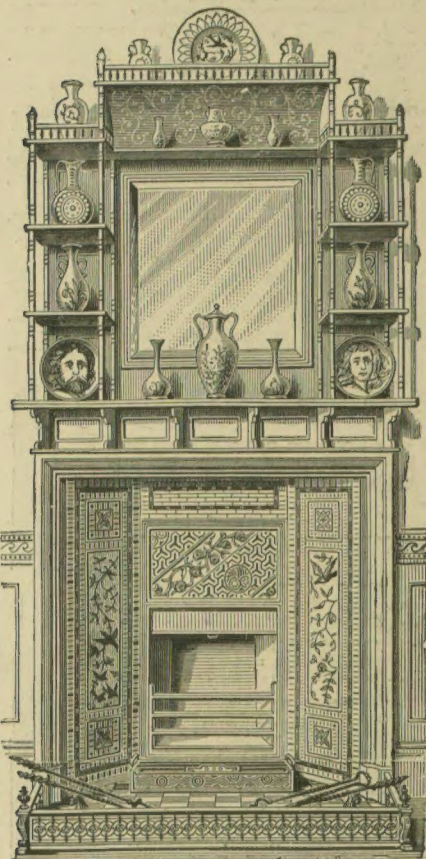
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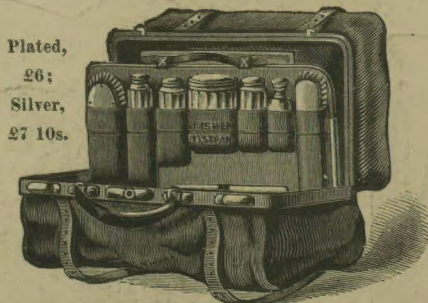
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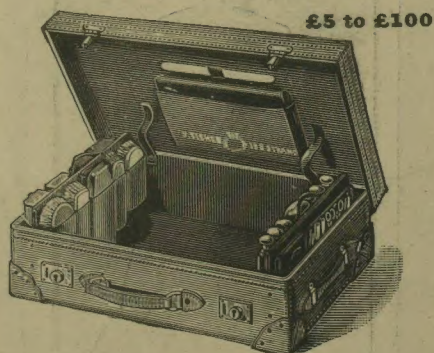
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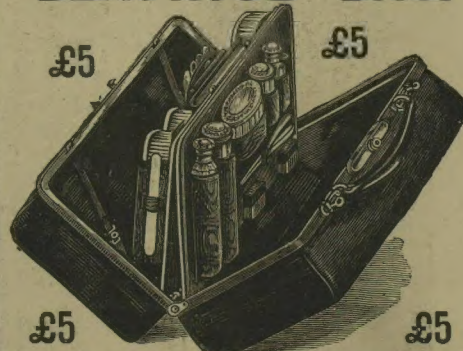


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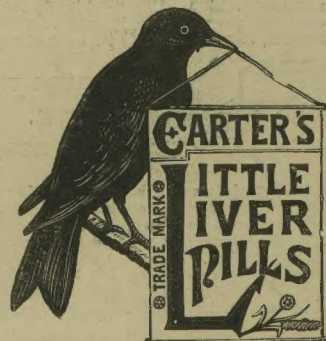
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